

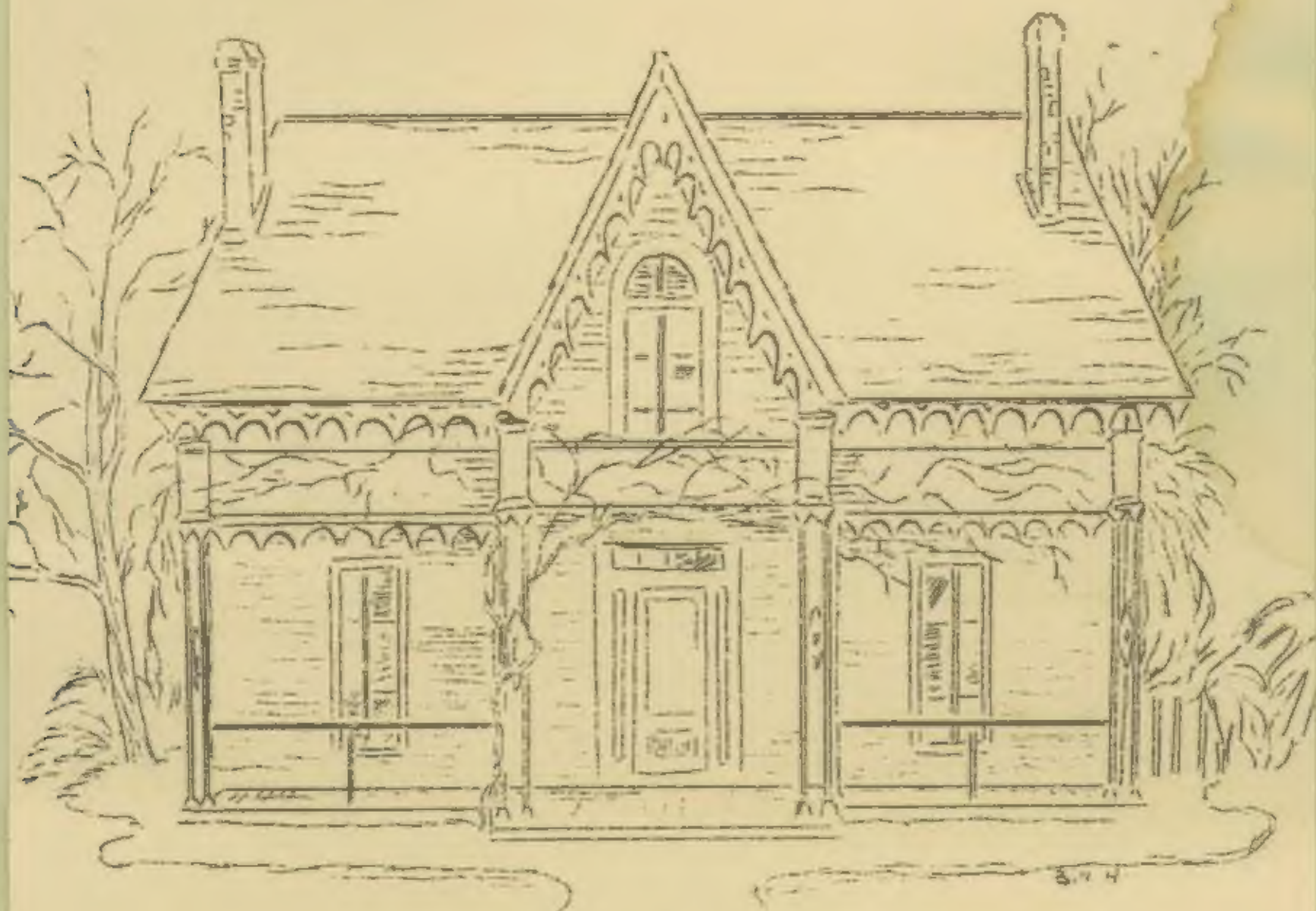








THE VALLEY



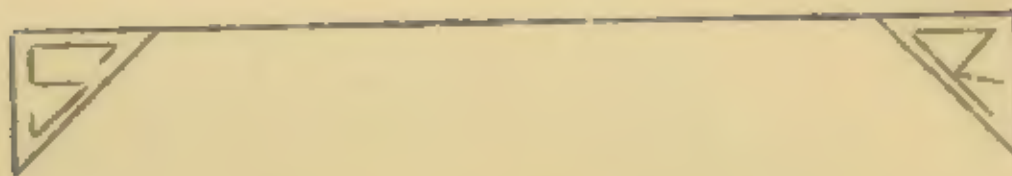
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Published by the Students of the  
San Ramon Valley Union High  
School

Danville California----June 1933





BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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It is impossible to ignore the beauty of our own San Ramon Valley; the beauty that drew its pioneers; it is equally impossible to ignore what they have done and left behind, materially their home. The seven sketches disclose a surprisingly wide range of history through the struggles of the people to establish their original homes. As the pioneers fought the wilderness and left their homes as monuments to their conquests, so the leaders of our Annual Staff have courageously tackled this printing and labored to commemorate the old and new. Our wish to this new generation, our Seniors, is that they will be builders and doers----modern pioneers.





BUNCE ADOBE & ALAMO

CLASSES



That was a long time ago. Jeannette Stone, she is Mrs. Bunce, now, and I went to the same little school. Our families and others hired Miss Laura Cornwall in 1866 to pound the three R's into us. The Stones brought a pickle jar of syrup every day to spread on bread for lunch; I had my share. Jeannette Stone came here with her parents in '54. Her father's cousin sold them the large place he had bought from the Mexicans. The house was a rectangular adobe, old then, with a verandah on two sides; it seemed like Mexico itself with the blood-red pomegranates and century plants around you. But the ownership was disputed in the true early-Californian manner. Mary's the time when we'd be playing and hear voices in the shop and there would be the "boiled shirts" again, boiled shirts were the city men, and they meant that there had been another claim come up against Stone's title. We'd all stumble through the house, years of fandangoing had left the redwood floor very uneven, crying "The boiled shirts are here!" Then poor mother would say resignedly "Well, I guess we'll have to go on wearing rags." Course it wasn't that bad, but I guess the Stones had to pay three or four times for that place. There was a reason for depression in those days. It wasn't all boiled shirt fighting, though, there was Cox's Grove, and the County Fair--how we looked forward to it--and the May Day Picnic, and Pickle Frank. He was the sour old bar-tender at the Alamo Hotel, and I don't wonder now days how he developed his temper for we pestered him most to death just to get him riled and have him carry on. And there were dances, and the caballeros, and Muriotta, and the time the ox got mired and had its neck broken, and the earthquake, but I guess I've told you all you want to know about the Stone place.



## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President-----Fred Brear

Vice-President-----Betty Mauzy

Secretary-----Robert Annis

Advisors-----Mrs. Meckfessel  
Mr. Bisig

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Four years ago a large class of students invaded San Ramon Valley Union High School, to begin the process of receiving a higher education. We were rather bewildered at first, but soon got our bearings, and finished our first year with flying colors, after winning the Freshman Reception. (Of course the Juniors helped us a little.)

As Sophomores we again took the cake at the Frosh Reception, this time combined with the Seniors. Our Soph Hop, the theme of which was an old fashioned barn dance, was quite a success. We actually made a few dollars----who ever heard of such a thing! We gave numerous hot dog and candy sales thereby increasing the size of our treasury.

In our third year the Junior Play "Skidding" was presented to a very interested audience, and the proceeds helped us to put on a very "swanky" banquet for the Seniors of that year.

We presented "Jonesy" as our farewell play, and believe us when we say it was a howling success, and exceptionally well received.

We know our Senior Banquet and Ball will be gala events. The Juniors of this year are very enterprising. Our four years are over, and sometimes when we look back it seems just yesterday that we came to San Ramon, very green and very scared little Freshmen. These years have been the most pleasant ones of our school career, and we take with us, as we go, memories and friends that will never be forgotten.



## TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

Now that you have reached the goal toward which you have been striving for the past four years, have you tried to test the value of your high school education? Has your education meant for you that you can sit alone and meditate upon the purpose of life? Has your education meant that you are now able to appreciate the privileges that have been yours as a result of the foresight and sacrifice of the previous generations? Has your education made you realize that CHARACTER is the most important product that any education can give you? Has your education meant that your own evaluation of your success in life shall be based upon the degree to which you contribute to the human happiness in the world? If your education has meant these things to you, then those who have had the privilege and responsibility of helping you in your upward progress will feel that their efforts have not gone unrewarded.

*J. F. Bisig*



*Betty Jane Mays '33*



1. [Name]	2. [Name]	3. [Name]	4. [Name]	5. [Name]	6. [Name]
7. [Name]	8. [Name]	9. [Name]	10. [Name]	11. [Name]	12. [Name]
13. [Name]	14. [Name]	15. [Name]	16. [Name]	17. [Name]	18. [Name]
19. [Name]	20. [Name]	21. [Name]	22. [Name]	23. [Name]	24. [Name]







## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

I, Wilma Huber, have been traveling for several years, during which time I have kept a diary. Following are a few excerpts from it:

July 20, 1936. Attending the Olympic Games in Germany, I discovered that Florence Goularte had taken first place in Fancy High Diving and that Robert Annis broke all previous records by running the mile in four minutes, four seconds. Stopping at a hot dog stand on my way out, I found Betty Mauzy diligently chopping onions for a hamburger sandwich.

Sept. 5, 1944. While in Geneva Switzerland, met Merle Johnson who informed me that he represented the United States in the League of Nations, and that his wife, the former Anita Jorgensen was conducting a skiing class in the Alps.

Sept. 9, 1944. On board ship. Met Fred Errear going home for a vacation after a few strenuous years of missionary work in Africa.

Oct. 20, 1944. New York. Attended an opera presented by the Metropolitan Opera Company, the head of which is Regner Hansen. The most important stars of the performance were Margaret Alexander, soprano and Bill Monroe, tenor. Going back stage to pay my respects to my old friends, I encountered Vivian Kraft no chief costume designer for the company.

Oct. 24, 1944. New York. Visited a special radio program sponsored by the Scott Brothers' Muscle Ointment Company, featuring Filippo Zunino, the world famous announcer. He introduced another noted performer, Gordon Elliott. This second Rudy Vallee sang a medley of popular songs.

Oct. 25, 1944. New York. Parked double on Fifth Avenue. Policeman Pat Curran was forced to give me a ticket as he would not be bribed. Appeared in court later, and to my amazement discovered that the hard-boiled judge was Jim Sawyer. For old times' sake he reduced my fine to \$5.00.



Oct. 31, 1944. South Bend, Indiana. Attended the Notre Dame-Harvard football game and found that Tom Morodomi was the head coach of Notre Dame.

Nov. 20, 1944. Hollywood. Met Fifi Skaven-ski, the 1944 Wampus Star of Hollywood. Her face seemed familiar so I investigated and found her to be none other than my old school mate, Julia Cam-acho.

Nov. 24, 1944. Sacramento. Found Edna Mae Higgins running a large vegetable farm near here. She told me that Eula Jinnette is now a manikin in Paris.

Nov. 29, 1944. Visited Dorothy Sandkuhle, living in the exclusive residential district of Danville--Orchard Heights. Discussing old friends I learned that Manuel Reichert (unmarried) is now Fire Chief of Danville and that Gordon Davies is the sole owner of the Davies Glue Company of the large city, Alamo.

Nov. 30, 1944. Read in the Danville Buzzer, the leading newspaper in the city, which is edited by Dorothy White that Lyman Stoddard is about to open his new barber shop. He will specialize in pompadour haircuts.

Dec. 1, 1944. Visited "Up-and-Coming" San Ramon. Several huge buildings have sprung up since I last visited here. I found that Amil Dondero and Armand Anderson were sole owners of the tallest skyscraper, the A & A Motorcycle Factory.

Dec. 30, 1944. My trip comes to an end here and as I look at the last page in my diary, I find that Norman Harper is the most prominent veterinary in this locality. He has been engaged in this kind of work for several years and has recently been elected the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Signed,

Wilma Huber.



## SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1933, having gained every ounce of knowledge possible in four years' time, do now see it fit and proper to write and publish our last will and testament in which we leave the following of our possessions:

We, the class as a whole, leave our Civics notebooks to the Juniors knowing that they are excellent reference books.

To the Sophomores, we leave our ability to cooperate in class meetings and activities.

To the Freshmen, we leave our unusually high scholarship record.

I, Margaret Alexander, leave my curly hair to Josephine Marengo.

I, Armand Anderson, leave my ability to ride a motorcycle to Bill Hendricks reminding him that oil is rather smoky when substituted for gas.

I, Robert Annis, bequeath my artistic temperament to Eldred Ramos, knowing that his favorite is Mona Lisa.

I, Fred Brear, bequeath my massive structure to Howard Wiedemann hoping that he will sometime grow to be a man too.

I, Julia Camacho, bequeath my contagious laughter to Douglas Kelly.

I, Pat Curran, bequeath my "I don't know" come-back to June Ajari.



I, Gordon Davies, leave my cereal rings to Wilfrid Close, cautioning him to practice on something small at first.

I, Amil Dondero, bequeath my dancing ability to Ray Sandkuhle, reminding him that a good dancer gets them every time.

I, Gordon Elliott, leave my "Best Dressed Man Appearance" to Loris Toderoff--take off that sheep skin!!!!

I, Florence Goularte, leave my wool socks to Bertha Alling, reminding her that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

I, Regner Hansen, bequeath my ability to sing grand opera to Ted Main, cautioning him that tonsils are easily cracked.

I, Norman Harper, bequeath my "Collar AD" appearance to Grant Osborn, hoping that he will keep up the noble work in exemplifying what the well dressed young man should wear.

I, Edna Mae Higgins, bequeath my demure disposition to Evelyn Murillo, with the suggestion that children should be seen and not heard.

I, Wilma Huber, bequeath my Stick-to-it-iveness to Jean Miller, hoping that she will become a great success in life.

I, Eula Jinnette, leave my sophisticated air to Audrey Zimmerman.

I, Alfred Johnson, leave my sarcastic disposition to Robert Olsson.



I, Merle Johnson, bequeath and leave my incessant chatter to Phyllis Spense and remind her that perpetual motion is a great thing--in its place.

I, Anita Jorgensen, bequeath my supply of candy and gum to Beth Geary.

I, Vivian Kraft, leave my studious habits to Manuel Camacho.

I, Betty Mauzy, bequeath my "Garbo ways and means" to Byrle Caldwell.

I, Tom Morodoni, bequeath my accurate typing to Forest Shaklee with the hopes that he will not make as many erasures as I have.

I, Dorothy Sandkuhle, bequeath my "hee-hee" to Vivian Maurer.

I, James Sawyer, leave my farm management ability to David Olsson.

I, Arlen Scott, bequeath my mild ways and manners to Lawson Butler.

I, Arven Scott, bequeath my permanent wave to Manuel Medina with hopes that he is as good a hair dresser as I.

I, Lyman Stoddard, bequeath my ability to get to school on time to Leland Ferreira reminding him that haste makes waste.

I, Manuel Teicheira, leave my exaggerations to Clarence Edsall.

I, Dorothy White, bequeath my bashfulness to Betty Strait.

I, Filippo Zunino, leave my grey matter to Gordon Ferreira with caution for his remembrance of brains over brawn.



# SENIOR HOROSCOPE

NAME	NICK-NAME	PET EXPRESSION
Margaret Alexander	Margy	Be Good Now
	Andy	Oh Heck
	Ann's	What?
	Freddie	Not so bad, huh?
John	Jow	Oh Yeh?
	Pat	I ain't got any
	Davies	P.E. is unnecessary
	Dago	Say, Listen Baby
Gordon Elliott	Gordy	Yah, But.
Florence Goularte	Flo	You're telling me?
Rogner Hansen	Reg	Fuh?
Norman Harper	Dizzie	Oh, Gee whiz
Edna Mac Higgins	Elondie	Oh--Oh
Wilma Huber		That would be nice
Eula Jienette		Where's Betty?
Edward Johnson		I'll sock you
Merle Johnson		Why?
Anita Jorgensen		Oh, Gosh
Vivian Kraft		Wasn't that test hard?
Betty Mauzy		Let's eat
Tom Morodomi		Hey
Bill Munroe		Let's play football
Dorothy Sandkuhle		Oh, I can't do that
James Sawyer		Got up at 3 A...
Arlen Scott		She's a honey, huh?
Arven Scott		No, Sir
Lyman Stoddard		Shovel
Manuel Teicheira	Midnite	Darned if I know
Dorothy White	Dot	
Filippo Zunino	Zunino	



# SENIOR HOROSCOPE

FAVORITE HAUNT	AMBITION	DESTINY
Happy Valley Martinez Drawing Room 10th Period	Movie Star Raise rats Artist Own a real car	Permanent Wave Ad. Zoo Keeper Real Estate Agent Traveling Salesman
Typing Room The Creek The Corral The Shop	Stenographer Visit Ireland Own a ranch For 18th Amend	Circus Acrobat Police Man Rodeo Star Organ Grinder
Darville Diablo Livermore Out of Place	Track Star House Keeper Who knows Aviator	Collar Ad Evangelist Dairyman Politician
Typing Room Typing Room A certain ford Any Place	To Chicago Business Woman Be a good wife Gov. of Calif.	Stenographer Mayor of Alamo
The office Home Ec. Bldg. Behind a book Where Eula is	Be an orator Waitress Olympic Games Literary Critic	Soap Box Milk-maid Politics House Wife
Black Hawk Panch Hills Going Somewhere The Barn	Scientist To sleep 20 yr	Vegetable Man Hermit Salvation Army County Veterinary
With the co-eds Castle Hill Berkeley Alamo	Feauty judge Pres. of U.S. Mr. Adel Krug Forest Ranger	Printer
Home Service Station	Novelist Politician	Advice to Lovelorn Mussolini II



## ACTIVITIES OF THE SENIOR CLASS

1. Margaret Alexander.--Gym Club '30, '31, Orchestra '32, '33, "Jonesy" '33.
2. Armand Andersen--Glee Club '32, Cross Country '32.
3. Robert Annis--Honor Scholarship Society '30, Secretary Treasurer '32.
4. Fred Brear--Football '30, '31, '32, Cross Country '30, '31, Band '31, '32, "The Christmas Party" '31, Annual Staff '33, "Un Norteamerican en Mejico" '32, "The Child Jesus" '32, "Skidding" '32, Class President '32, Glee Club '32, "Jonesy" '33.
5. Julia Camacho--Glee Club '29, '30, '32, "Un Norteamerican en Mejico" '32, "Child Jesus" '32.
6. Pat Curran--Cross Country '32, Baseball '29.
7. Gordon Davies--Trans. from Claremont Jr High '30, Yell Leader '30, '31, Student Council '31, Cross Country '31, "Un Norteamerican en Mejico" '32, "Jonesy" '33.
8. Amil Dondero--Freshman Reception '29, Track '31, '32, '33, Football '29, '30, '31, '32, Annual Committee '33, Basketball '31, Cross Country '29, '30, '33, Boys' League Pres. '33, Student Council '32, "Jonesy" '33.
9. Gordon Elliott--Cross Country '31, '32, Track '30, '32, "Skidding" '32.
10. Florence Goularte--H.S.S. '30, '31, '32, Broadcast Staff '30, Annual Staff '33.
11. Regner Hansen--Cross Country '31, "Jonesy" '33.
12. Norman Harper--Soccer '29, Basketball '29, Freshman Reception '29, '30, Football '30, '31, '32, Tennis Tournament '31, '32, "The Patsy"



'32, Orchestra '30, '31, '32, Cross Country  
'30, '31, '32, Glee Club '32, Annual Staff  
'33.

13. Edna Mae Higgins--Trans. from Harrison Tech. H. S., Chicago '31, "Skidding" '32, Glee Club '32, "Jonesy" '33.
14. Wilma Huber--H.S.S. '31, Girls' League President, '32, Editor-in-chief of Annual '33 Student Council '32, "Skidding" '32.
15. Eula Jinnette--Glee Club Pianist '29, '30, '31, '32, Freshman Reception '29, '30, Dramatics Club Secretary '31, Sophomore Class Treasurer '30, Glee Club '32, "The Orange Colored Necktie" '31, "His Natal Day" '31, "Jonesy" '33.
16. Edward Johnson--Soccer, '28, Basketball '28 Cross Country '29, Football '29, '32.
17. Kerle Johnson--Basketball '29, Freshman Reception '29, '30, Glee Club '29, '32, Class Vice President '29, H.S.S. '30, Tennis Tournament '30, Football '31, '32, Cross Country '30, '31, '33, "Un Norteamericano en Mejico" '32, "The Child Jesus" '32, Student Body Treas. '32, Student Council '32, "Skidding" '32, "Bargains in Cathay" '31, "Jonesy" '33.
18. Anita Jorgensen--Glee Club '29, '30, '31, Orchestra '31, '32. "Feathertop" '31.
19. Vivian Kraft--H.S.S. '30, '31, '32, '33, Class Secretary and Treasurer '31, Girls' Athletic Mgr. '30, '31, Gym Club '30, '31. Tennis Tournament '30, '31, '32, '33, "Un Norteamericano en Mejico" '32.
20. Betty Mauzy--Glee Club '30, '31, '32, Freshman Reception '29, '30, "Importance of Being Earnest" '30, H.S.S. '31, '32, '33, "Orange Colored Necktie" '31, Girls' League Sec-Treasurer '31, "The Christmas Party" '31, "His Natal Day" '31, "Skidding" '32, Vice President Girls' League, H.



S.S. Sec-Treasurer '32, Class Vice-Pres. '32  
H.S.S. President '32, "Child Jesus" '32,  
Literary Editor, Annual '33, "Beau of  
Bath" '31, "Un Norteamericano en Mejico"  
'32, "Feathertop" '31.

21. Tom Morodomi--"The Ribs and the Cover" '32,  
Cross Country '30, '31.
22. Bill Munroe--Glee Club '29, '30, Football '30,  
'31, Cross Country '30.
23. Dorothy Sandkuhle--Freshman Reception '29,  
Tennis '30, '31, '32, Glee Club '29, '30,  
'31, '32, Glee Club '29, '30, H.S.S. '30,  
'32, '33, "The Christmas Party", '31,  
"His Natal Day", '31, "Feathertop" '31,  
"Skidding" '32, Student Body Sec. '32,  
Class Vice-President '31, "Child Jesus"  
'32, Business Manager Annual '33,  
Orchestra '32, '33, Band '32, '33, Student  
Council '32, "Jonesy" '33.
24. James Sawyer--Transferred from Stockton High  
'30, Football '31, "Skidding" '32, Glee  
Club '32, Annual Staff '33, Cross  
Country '31, '32.
25. Arlen Scott--Freshman Reception '29, Class  
President '29, '30, Student Body Vice-  
President '31, Student Body President  
'32, '33, Football '29, '30, '31, '32,  
Track '29, '30, '31, '32, Basketball  
'29, Soccer '30, Cross Country '30, '31,  
'33, "The Patsy" '32, H.S.S. '30, '31,  
Band '31, '32, Orchestra '30, '31, '32,  
Student Council '31, '32, Baseball '29.
26. Arven Scott--Basketball '29, Soccer '29, Track  
'29, '30, Cross Country '30, '31, Foot-  
ball '32, Orchestra '31, Band '31, '32,  
"The Patsy" '32, "Bargains in Cathay"  
'31, Class Vice-President '30, Class  
President '31, Student Body Vice-Presi-  
dent '32, Boys' League President '31,  
Student Council '31, '32, Baseball '29.

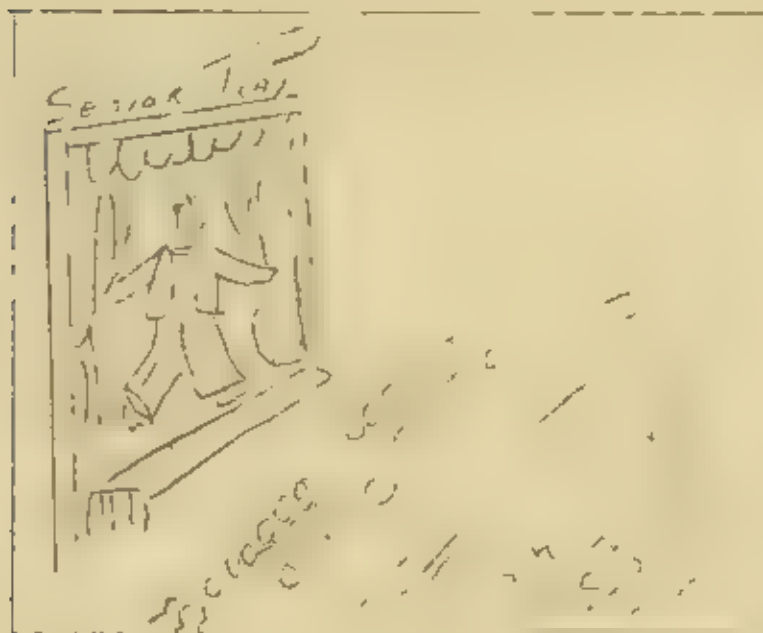


27. Lyman Stoddard--Freshman Reception '29, '30,  
Glee Club '32, Football '32, Orchestra  
'32, '33, Boys' League Secretary, '32,  
"The Child Jesus" '32, Tennis Tourna-  
ment '32.

28. Manuel Teicheira--Football '29, '30, '32,  
Cross Country '30, '31, '32, Track '32.

29. Dorothy White--Transferred from Corning High  
'32, Glee Club '32, F.S.S. '32.

30. Filippo Zunino





## JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President-----Herman Sandkuhle

Vice President-----Bill Hendricks

Secretary-----June Ajari

Advisors-----Mrs. Finns  
Mr. Brown

## JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The Class of '34 came aboard the ship "San Ramon", anxious to start its journey. Twenty-four passengers were transferred from the C.C. Grammar School. The first social affair aboard ship was the Freshman Reception. At the end of our first voyage we went ashore for three months.

In September we boarded the good ship Sophomore leaving a few members of the crew in port and adding some new names to our passenger list.

We had clear sailing during this voyage with the Soph Hop to cheer us on our way.

We are now in mid-ocean on our way to Summer Port III where we shall embark for our fourth voyage on the S.S. Senior. And its Ship Ahoy!

Joking and jolly  
Understanding and gay  
Never unhappy  
In work or in play  
On all occasions  
Right on the spot  
Surely we are--the cream  
of the lot.



## SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President-----Douglas Kelly

Vice-President-----David Olsson

Secretary-----Betty Strait

Advisors-----Miss Finney  
Mr. Cooley

## SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

The class of '35 approached the school with widely varied attitudes. We were all on edge until the Freshman Reception, but after that we felt as if we were full-fledged High School Students. The scholastic coasting was harder than we had expected, and harder than we were accustomed to, but our representation on the Honor Roll was not sparse, and several Sophomores made C. S. F.

Being ambitious, to a Freshman-like degree we tried a candy sale and made a few dollars.

This year we came back as old timers, and went out at once to chisel '35 in the school annals. Our Sophomore Hop, a barn dance, with all the rustic atmosphere, was a great success. The mid-year exams have floated past and we again move another step toward our goal, knowing that the next two years will be equally enjoyable.

-----Sophs-----

We are the Sophomores, the Sophomores  
are we,  
Right on the job as you can always see,  
And when it comes to making money,  
We're like bees around the honey,  
For we are the Sophomores, you see!



## FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President-----Leland Ferreira

Vice-President-----Dolores Peters

Secretary-----Clara Lawrence

Advisor-----Mrs. Prescott

## FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

The class of '36 entered San Ramon High on August 29, 1932. Throughout the year the Freshmen have taken an active part in many of the school activities. At the Girls' League "Get-Together", the Freshmen girls furnished the program for the entertainment of the other classes. In the Christmas Play, the three leading parts were taken by Freshmen boys.

On January 5, the Freshmen gave a Pie and Cake Raffle, which turned out to be quite profitable. This gave us a beginning for our treasury fund, and with all the enthusiasm and ambition we have in our class it shouldn't be long before we have a bank account.

During the year the Freshman boys have taken part in many athletic activities. There were five Freshman boys on the football team, and our boys took second place in the annual "Cross Country Run".

So far the class has obtained a good start on its high school career, and looks forward with pleasant anticipation to success in the following years.

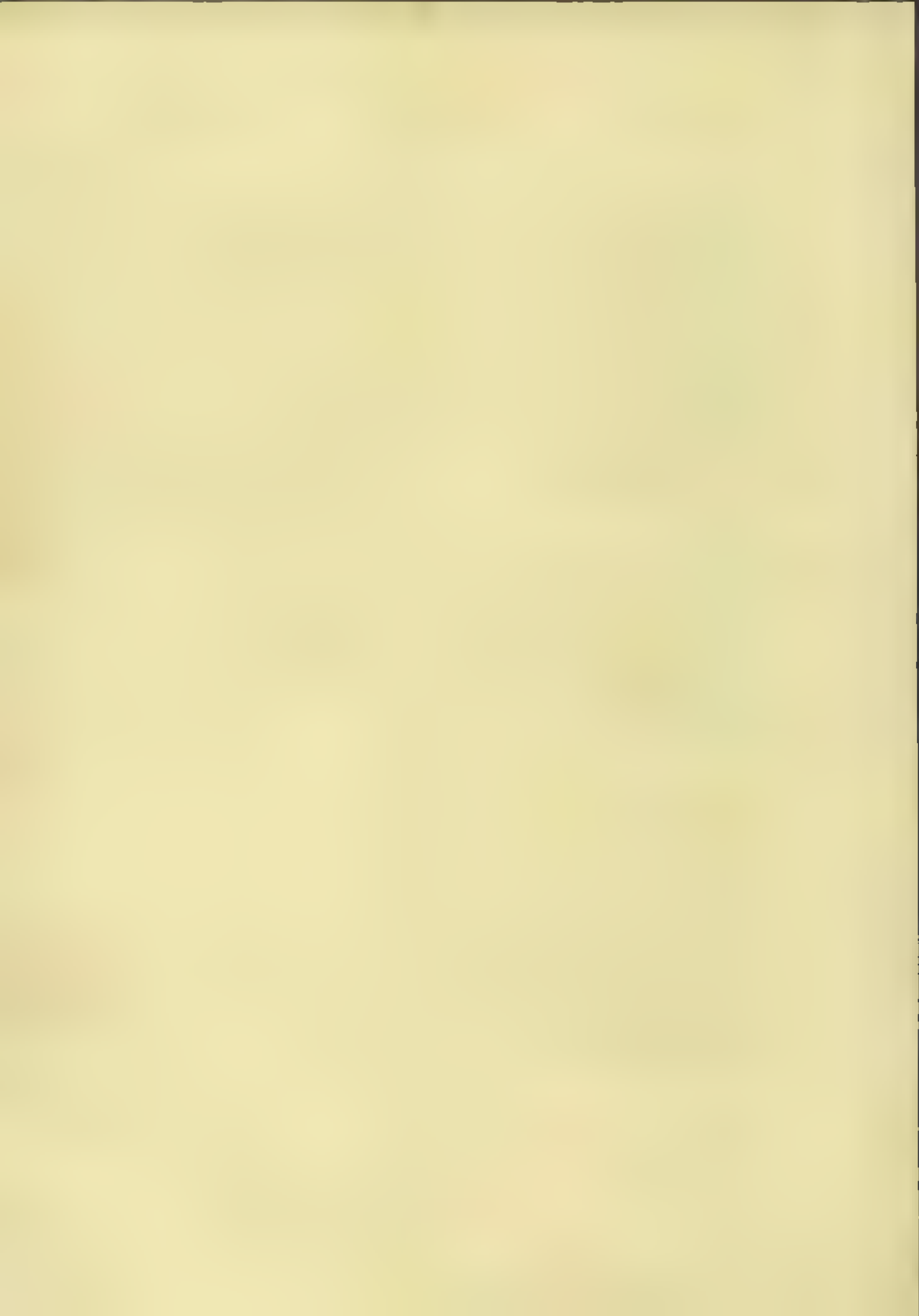
Fresh and shining  
Rosily dreaming  
Ever thoughtful and  
Slyly scheming  
Hair-brained plots  
Make teachers gray  
Earnestly working (?)  
Never play!





CLASS OF '34  
CLASS OF '35  
CLASS OF







## CLASS DIRECTORY

### FRESHMAN CLASS

Bertha Alling, Warren Anderson, Wendell Axtell, Lawson Butler, Eyrle Caldwell, Marie Camacho, Wilane Carriente, Edna Crenille, Alice Conners, Clarence Disher, Doris Ellmanner, Leonard Ferreira, Mildred Hestras, Walter Heston, Frances Hetherock, Lois Kamp, Clara Lawrence, Delbert Main, Vivian Maurer, Walter Munroe, Evelyn Murillo, Barbara Norriss, Robert Olsson, Mary Oreglia, Grant Osborn, Eileen Peters, William Jordanville, Roger Short, Walter Soto, Leo St. John, Joseph Teicheira, Manuel Vargas, Audrey Zimmerman.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

Dwight Axtell, Mary Buerer, Robert Frick, Beth Gray, Tom Hamilton, Evelyn Johnson, Hazel Jones, Douglas Kelly, Josephine Lion, Willise Main, Josephine Marengo, Thomas Mayo, Jean Miller, Mildred Moss, David Olsson, Margaret Oreglia, Melva Osborn, Ruth Schenker, Forest Shackle, Betty Strait.

### JUNIOR CLASS

Jane Ajar, Manuel Camacho, Analia Carriente, Vincent Carriente, Louis Chierotti, Louis Closco, Gordon Ferreira, John Gervers, Stanley Harvey, Carl Leary, Edna Hetherock, Clara Holmes, William Jordanville, Samuel Jordan, Charles Morelli, Ruth Munroe, Fern Osborn, Mary Osborn, Eldred Larson, Helen Rutherford, Herman Sandkuhle, Phyllis Spence, Isabelle Teicheira, Boris Todoroff, Albert Williams, Thomas Williams, John Zimmerman, Hilda Zimmerman.



ALUMNI  
-1929-

Arvida Anderson-----Home, Walnut Creek  
David Barnard-----On Coast Guard  
Madelyn Cabral-----Mrs. Melvin Wood, Martinez  
Raymond Collins-----Working in San Francisco  
Lucille Glass-----Mrs. Elliot Mauzy, Walnut Creek  
Victor Hansen-----Home, Tassajara  
Doris Hunt-----Secretary for Walnut Growers Assoc.  
Phebe Johnson-----University of California  
Ruth McKay-----Dental nurse, Oakland  
Ethel Rodgers-----Mrs. Verne Nelson, Oakland  
Ruth Sandmole-----San Jose State Teachers' College  
Virginia Schnoor-----Nurse, Alta Bates Hospital  
Katherine Schutt-----Home, Lafayette  
Alverta Scott-----Mrs. Bud McDaniel, Alamo  
Albert Smith-----Home, Diablo  
Loraine Sota-----Mrs. E. Francis, Hayward  
Bernice Spencer-----San Jose State Teachers' College  
Evelyn Smith-----Mrs. Loring Wyman, Sonoma  
Laurel Thompson-----Mrs. Johnson, Teacher, Grass Valley  
Rosanna Yater-----Married

CLASS OF 1930

George Anderson-----Home, Walnut Creek  
Claude Artero-----University of California  
Lillian Buerer-----Home, San Ramon  
Clara Camacho-----Mrs. Ben Gonzalas, Danville  
George Campbell-----Married, Walnut Creek  
Daniel Carrington-----Sacramento Junior College  
Edmands Chandler-----University of California  
Everett Crosby-----University of Southern California  
Helen Dubois-----Mrs. Groom, Oakland  
Walter Elliott-----Carrying Mail, Danville  
Alberta Gifford-----Working at Mt. Diablo Club  
Alice Gompertz-----Home, Saranap  
Alfred Jones-----Armstrong Junior College, Berkeley  
Byron Jones-----University of California  
Evalyn Leech-----Walnut Creek  
Dan Lucas-----Home, Moraga  
Mary Lucas-----Home, Moraga  
Charles Morss-----University of California  
Flood Morss-----Farmer, Alamo  
Adolph Peterson-----Home, Danville  
La May Podva-----Working in Walnut Creek  
Francis Reilly-----Unemployed, San Francisco  
Ellsworth Rico-----Home, Oakland  
Irene Saari-----Home, Danville



Alice Simas-----Training  
 Robert Smith-----Home, Danville  
 Wayne Wyman-----Home, Oakland

CLASS OF 1931

Augusta Anderson-----Home, Walnut Creek  
 Madeline Armanino-----Working in Oakland  
 John Baldwin-----University of California  
 Margaret Baldwin-----Mills College  
 Jean Brear-----Working in Berkeley  
 Amelia Camacho-----Home, Danville  
 Marietta Campbell-----Home, Walnut Creek  
 Bernice Freeman-Mrs. LaVack, Klamath Falls, Oregon  
 Hazel Goularte-----Working in Oakland  
 Walter Gompertz-----San Jose State College  
 Irving Grove-----Married in Frederick, Maryland  
 Raymond Heide-----Home, Oakland  
 Duncan Ikezoe-Art Editor for a San Francisco Paper  
 Lloyd Ivory-----Home, Alamo  
 Loraine Lawrence-----Mrs. Manuel Cabral, Danville  
 Lucretia Miles-----Mrs. Charles Cunningham, Oakland  
 Duncan Monroe-----Home, Danville  
 Mac Osborn-----Los Angeles Junior College  
 Herbert Reinstein-----Farmer, Tassajara  
 Don Schneider--Calif. Polytechnic, San Luis Obispo  
 William Schoener-----University of California  
 John Stoddard-----University of California  
 Samuel Thomson-----Home, Walnut Creek  
 Angelina Zunino-----Mrs. George Silva, Byron

CLASS OF 1932

Hideo Ajari-----Home, Danville  
 Angelina Artero-----Working in Oakland  
 Albert Buerer-----Home, San Ramon  
 Alma Cross-----Mrs. Everett Crosby, Los Angeles  
 Edna Fischer----Office Girl, San Ramon High School  
 Mike Flores-----Working in Diablo  
 Virginia Harrison----Dominican Convent, San Rafael  
 Sam Herri-----Working in San Francisco  
 Harry Huxtable-----Fresno  
 Kathryn Ivory-Mrs. Arthur Longueville, Walnut Creek  
 Alberta Lawrence-----Training, Providence Hospital  
 Hazel Mattices-----Mrs. Mike Flores, Danville  
 Eleanor McDonald-----Mills College  
 Margarite Moss-----Home, Danville  
 Wilfred Ramos-----Home, Danville  
 Etta Rodgers-----Home, Lafayette  
 Lelia Smith-----Healds College, Oakland  
 Patricia Cullivar-----University of California  
 Dudley Thickers-----Post Graduate, Mt. Diablo High









FLOURNOY & DANVILLE

ORGANIZATIONS

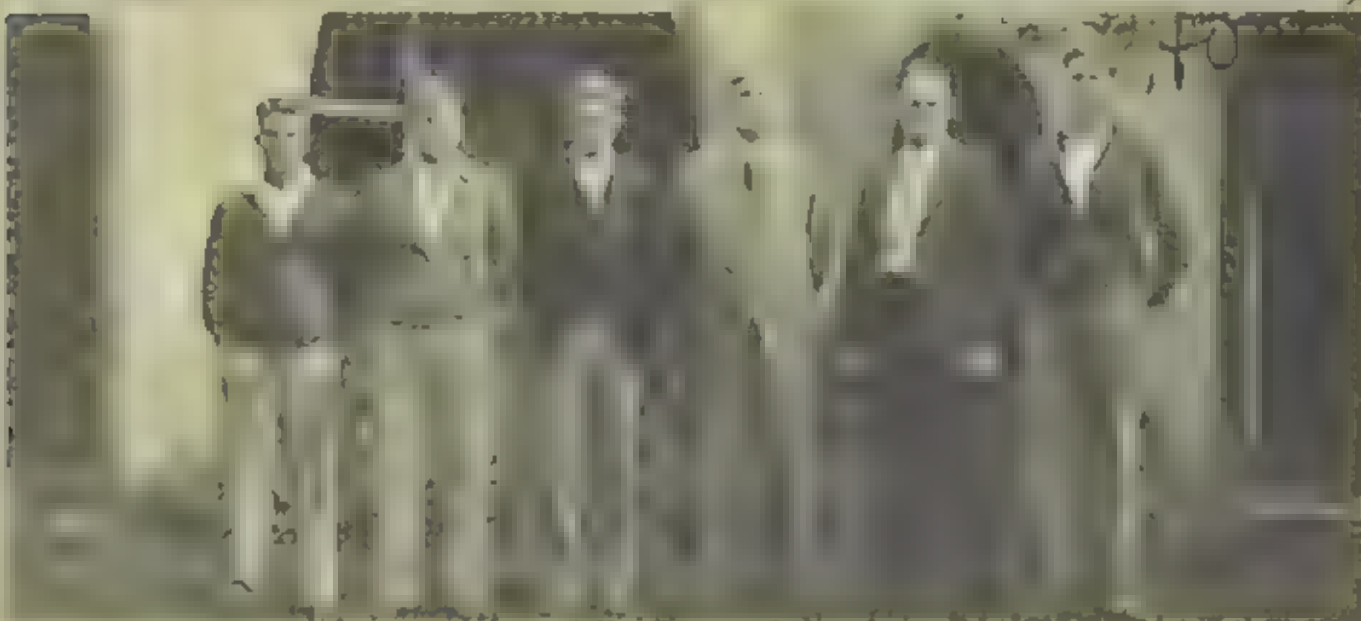
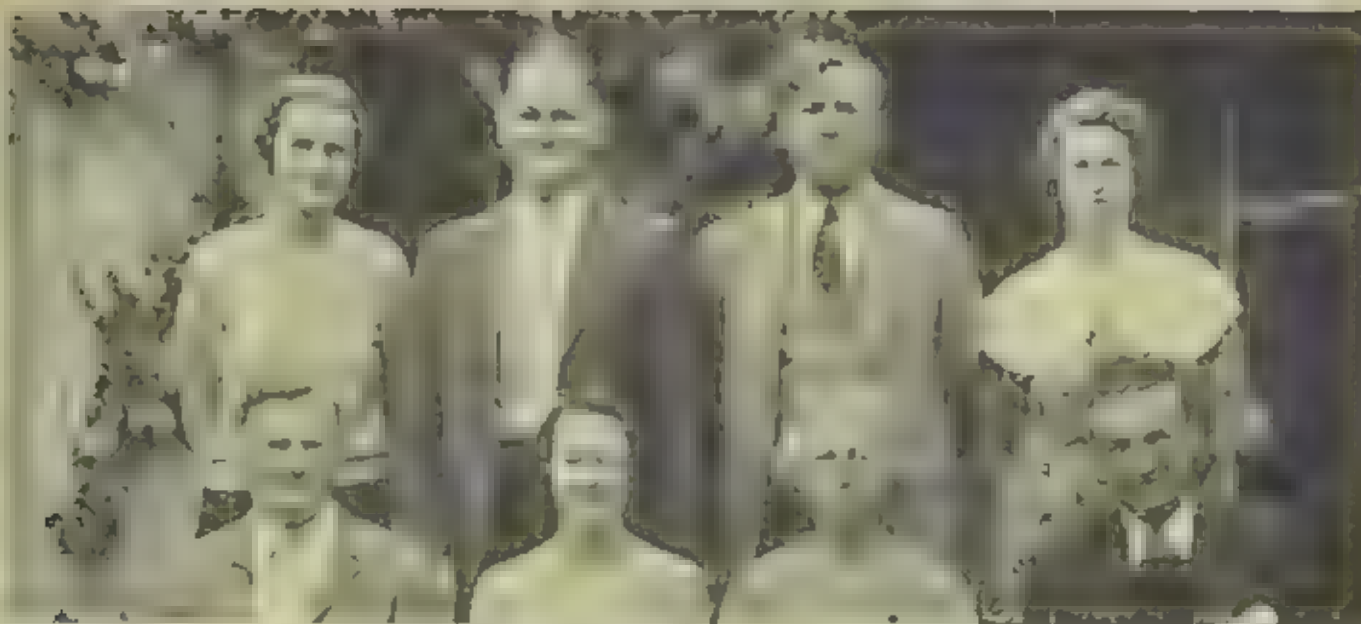


Yes, Tom Flourney came here in 1855. Kentucky people I think. Got a nice place just east of Danville on the Diable road from J. P. Christman. That's a picture of the present house-- their second one. Horton, of Livermore it was that built it for 'em. It was ready on New Years Eve of 1872 and there was a big housewarming, you may be sure. And then in February a little girl was born. Back in Civil War days when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was so popular they'd gotten the name of their youngest boy, Shelby, and this was their little Eva. She grew to be the prettiest child I have ever seen. Golden curls and great blue eyes. But like the story she died a child. It was a hard blow, but they keep her close to them. She lies in their little cemetery east of the house, you've seen it. Tom'd married back east, but she lies by the trail. That was a hard trip for a woman in those days. William was his child by Elizabeth Neal. He was married again a year before he came here to a girl named Kifer, Laurentia Kifer. They had eight children I think. It was for her he built the house. And a great show-place it was, so large and square and white, and lots of molding and brackett and balustrade--these were important points in judging a fine house then. But its the front porch that somehow seems to say we're from the South. Those six white square columns and the magnolia, and the ivy trees--

It was very beautiful the other day when I was there. It was a windy, cloudy day and that white porch alternately gleamed and fell into shadow, I cut in.

Yes, we've been having funny weather for May, more like April or March. What about it, think it's going to rain today?





THE FACULTY  
BOYS' LEAGUE OFFICERS  
GIRLS' LEAGUE OFFICERS







## ANNUAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief-----Wilma Huber  
Business Manager-----Dorothy Sandkuhle  
Art Editor-----Bill Hendricks  
Literary Editor-----Betty Mauzy  
Girls' Activities-----Phyllis Spence  
                                    Eula Jinnette  
Boys' Activities-----Amil Dondero  
                                    Fred Brear  
Typists----Julia Camacho, Clara Holmes,  
Florence Goularte, Margaret Alexander,  
                    Louis Chericoni, Wilma Huber.

Advisor-----Mrs. T.G. Meckfessel

Well folks, here's another annual!  
We are quite proud of ourselves this year for our  
annual is our very own creation. We were given  
the opportunity to mimeograph the book as well as  
to write it. We have learned a great deal and we  
have made the 1933 annual an economical one.

While working, the days never seemed half  
long enough. How those hours did fly! But  
Mrs. Meckfessel, our advisor, was always there  
with her magic recipe for clearing away all our  
difficulties. She could patch a stencil and  
still keep her cheerful disposition, or correct  
bad copy and still smile. Thank you Mrs. Meck-  
fessel for your patience and cooperation.

Also thanks to you, staff members and members  
of the faculty.

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When the teachers make a mistake,  
                    that's very seldom.

When the orchestra makes a mistake,  
                    you'd never know it.

When you make a mistake, that's  
                    nothing new.

But when the Editor makes a mistake,  
                    GOOD NIGHT!!!!!!

The Editor



## STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council consists of the following members: the President of the Student Body; Vice-President of the Student Body; acting as the President of the Council; Secretary; Treasurer; Yell Leader; the Presidents from each of the four Classes respectively; the President of the Honor Scholarship Society; the Presidents of the Girls' League and Boys' League respectively; and the Principal of the San Ramon Valley Union High School.

The purpose of the Student Council is to approve all bills and appointments made by the Student Body President and to help carry out all programs set forth by the Student Body.

Last June our Principal, Mr. Bisig, entertained the Student Council at a very lovely banquet, which the Council heartily appreciated.

## HONOR SCHOLARSHIP SOCIETY

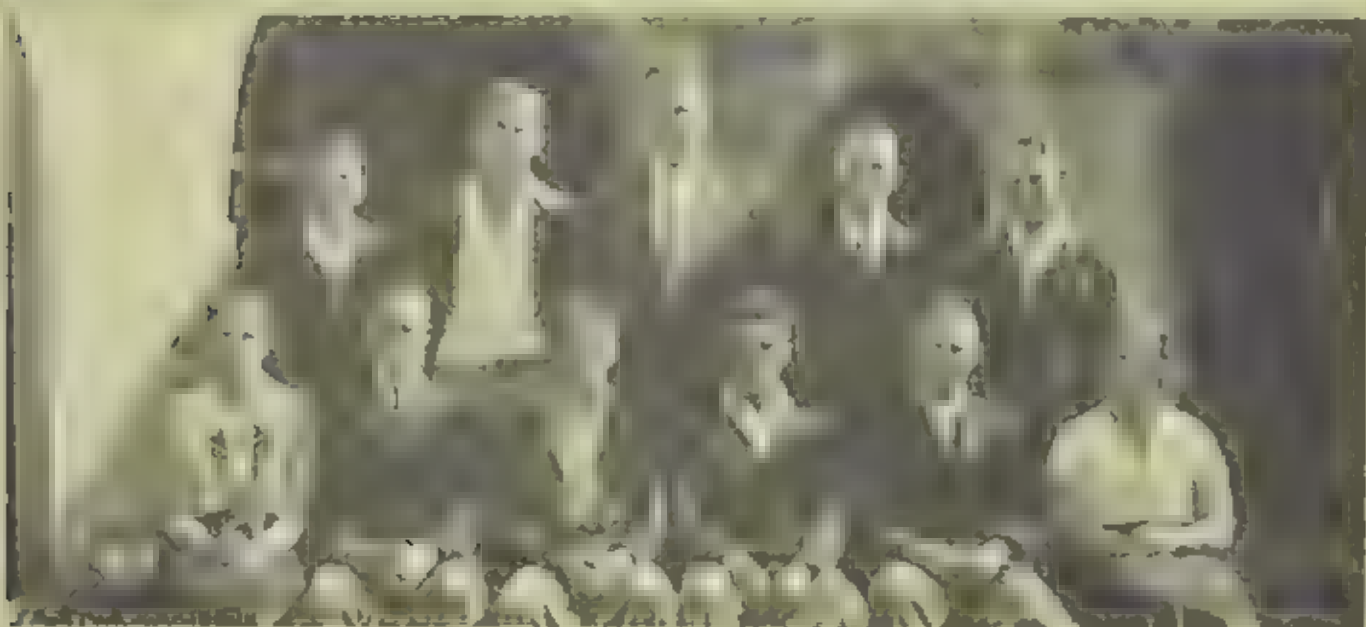
President-----	Betty Mauzy
Vice-President-----	Douglas Kelly
Secretary-----	June Ajari
Faculty Advisor-----	Miss Finney

Last year, San Ramon joined the California Scholarship Federation, and we are now officially established as the 241 chapter of the Peninsula district.

Ten points are required for membership, two of which may be obtained through school activities, the other eight through scholarship. As a special privilege the library is open to members at any time.

As a fitting reward for faithful membership in the scholarship society, C. S. F. pins and life membership seals for diplomas are awarded to those students who have worked hard enough to attain membership for six semesters out of four school years.





ANNUAL STAFF  
CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION  
STUDENT COUNCIL







## THE BOYS' LEAGUE

President-----Amil Dondero

Vice-President-----Howard Wiedemann

Secretary-----Lyman Stoddard

Advisors-----Mr. Bisig  
Mr. Brown  
Mr. Cooley

On Dec. 7, the Boys' League put over their one big affair of the year, the Fathers' and Sons' Banquet, given in the Home Economics Building. This was the best banquet in the history of the school, both financially and hilariously.

Coach Slip Madigan of Saint Mary's, the guest of honor, gave a short talk on Sportsmanship in Football. Speeches were also given by Mr. Bisig, Mr. Brown, Mr. Olsson and Mr. Cooley. Mr. Johnson sang a few songs, and Alvin Leske played a selection on his accordion. After the banquet the fathers and sons went to the auditorium to see a movie, "The Headless Horseman", starring Will Rogers.

The Banquet, an annual get to-gether for the fathers and sons, is prepared by the Boys' League. The afternoon of the banquet finds all the fellows in house aprons, seasoning soups and setting the tables. This dinner is a real he-man affair, with all effeminate table decorations and small helpings cast out. Fathers and sons become real pals over heaping plates of good food, and there are plenty of seconds and thirds in the kitchen. After "the Captains and Kings depart" the dish-washing crew comes in for its part of the entertainment. But it's worth it---ask any of the fellows. The soapsuds fly, dishes disappear, and soon the place is spick and span---who says boys can't clean up as well as girls!



## THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

President-----Wilma Huber  
Vice-President-----Betty Mauzy  
Secretary-----Phyllis Spence  
Advisor-----Mrs. Meckfessel

The Girls' League has been more active this year than any other year we can remember. It just seems that we have so many ambitious girls in our midst it keeps us busy all the time.

The first event of the year was, of course, the Girls'-get-together to properly initiate the Freshman girls into the group. That Freshman Class is so enterprising that we aren't sure yet who was initiated. They gave the old girls a playlet, and proved much good entertainment. Punch and cookies were enjoyed by all. This was the most exciting time of the afternoon, since no one kept tab on the number of glasses of punch you drank and since there was plenty and--well--we'll leave the rest to your imagination.

A Flower Show was given by the Women's Club of Danville, and the Girls' League put on the Silver Tea for the afternoon and evening. We are always right there when it comes to food, and we cleared a little silver for the treasury too. The tables were set on the stage, and with the kind contributions from the Sandhuhle nursery, and numerous of Danville's gardens, we turned that stage into a real flower garden. Ask Wilma about improving a kitchen in a music room, she will tell you all about it, and joys of cooking, serving, and washing dishes backstage.

Our Mothers' and Daughters' banquet was the usual success-----we can't seem to remember one that hasn't been----thanks to the kindness of all the Mothers and Daughters and faculty. This year's idea was a Spring Flower Festival. The spring was so late we just had to mass flowers in the Home Econ building to persuade ourselves that we weren't dreaming, and that flowers really were blooming. This banquet certainly does bring out the Mothers and are we glad! It seems so good to see so many of them all at once-----and we especially like for



them to see that we too can put on a dinner even if we haven't very much experience.

The Girls' League picnic was held at Russel-  
man Park on May 26. I can't imagine what would  
happen if all the mothers didn't turn out to help  
us make it a success. They certainly did see that  
we had all the food we could eat, and of course  
we ATE as usual. Such cakes! Such pies! Such salads  
Oh me-----! All the girls brought some certain  
thing such as a salad, sandwiches, cakes, etc.,  
then we all dived in and ate till a lot of us had  
to drive home easily over the bumps to avoid burst-  
ing. The water was fine, and in spite of the ants,  
flies and sunburn, a merry time was had by all.

This year the Girl's League decided that  
since we can't have inter-school competition in  
athletics, and therefore have no way of earning a  
letter, we should devise some type of a point  
system that would enable girls to get the coveted  
trophy the Junior or Senior year. A point system  
was organized whereby any girl in school will be  
able to earn enough points for the letter if she  
goes out for a reasonable amount of activities,  
and does a reasonable amount of extra-curricular  
work. There are so many girls who work faithfully  
and without reward for any school activity, and now  
they may earn a reward for that self-effacing work.  
Points are given for holding offices, for part-  
icipation in Play Casts, for every hour of extra work  
around school; in fact the name Service Point accu-  
rately describes the type of system that is used.  
Since the system was just started this year, all  
the girls decided to give the three Seniors with  
the highest total points for the next two years  
a letter. This will give the present Seniors and  
Juniors a chance to earn a letter. The symbol  
that has been chosen is green and gold, embodying  
the school colors. A large golden S. R. is placed  
on a circle of green. The symbol is about six  
inches in diameter, and can be worn on most any  
sweater or jacket. The girls are all very proud  
of our new system and we know that it will be a  
success and fulfill its purpose.









STOV & WALNUT CREEK

ACTIVITIES



The Fales place used to be the show-place of the valley. You might say it was old-fashioned now, but its still a mighty fine building. (Thus began a tale one sprightly afternoon as the salt wind whistled by my ears.) Old Captain Fales was of a Maine family of sailing men. And for twenty-two years he sailed around from cabin-boy to master, from the Indies 'n China back to Europe and California, without a mishap mind you. And then in '77 he came ashore for good, tore down his old log cabin he'd built in '52, and built that beauty there on the solid rock. The lumber was brought down from Napa county by ox-teams, and I imagine the mill work was done in Martinez for there's a good deal of it, being a very fancy style. But Orris Fales was made for the sea. And though he'd never sailed a hoo-doo ship it was a hoo-doo place he'd built. He was out of reach of swinging jibs, but one fine July day as he surveyed the country, as was his wont, from the windmill tower he was struck by a swinging blade and thrown to the earth. He lies on a nearby hill, but he's not high enough even there and I'll bet when the night is stormy and the wind is screeching through the bare black branches and rattling the snuffers he's lifted the trap-door and is standing out on that little platform atop the roof, searching the horizon with his old brass glass, eh? His voice was almost a whisper, his face close to mine. But of course, he continued matter-of-factly, no one believes in that sort of thing any more--do you? he smiled.



## ORCHESTRA AND BAND

This year our orchestra and band have shown marked improvement, the result of Mr. Reilly's directing and planning. Both organizations have a number of new members this year.

The high school orchestra has furnished music for each of the class plays and for the Christmas Charity Pageant, at which time a string ensemble composed of four violins, cello, and bass viol, played; four clarinets presented a number; and the massed orchestra played a medley of Christmas Carols.

The orchestra has set aside each Monday and Wednesday noon hour to be used for practice.

The band has been much in demand, and has made its appearance at a Grange meeting and the Women's Club Flower Show. The main part of the band's work is taken up with college songs, and next season we hope that it will be present at all football games to cheer us on to victory.

The Band is composed of the following people: CLARINETS: Fred Brear, Robert Olsson, Dolores Peters, Ruth Schoen r, Arven Scott, Lyman Stoddard, Dorothy Sandkuhle, Joe Teicheira. TRUMPETS: Lela Ferreira, Thomas Jones, Manuel Medina, Arlen Scott, Forest Shaklee. TROMBONES: Mary Buerer, Norman Harper. EUPHONYME: Warren Anderson. BASS HORN: Walter Munroe. DRUMS: Dwight Axtell, Wendell Axtell, Walter Frick, David Olsson, Elmer Soto. DRUMS: Edward Johnsen, Douglas Kelly, Raymond Sandkuhle, Boris Todoroff.

The members of the Orchestra are: VIOLINS: Margaret Alexander, Mildred Preitner, Anita Jorgensen, Lois Kamp, Delbert Main, Dorothy Sandkuhle. CELLO: Vincent Campanale. PIANO: Byrle Caldwell. FLUTE: Thomas Jones. CLARINET: Dwight Axtell, Wendell Axtell, Walter Frick, David Olsson, Elmer Soto. TUBA: Walter Munroe. TRUMPETS: Manuel Medina, Arlen Scott. TROMBONES: Mary Buerer, Norman Harper. CLARINETS: Dolores Peters, Ruth Schoen r, Lyman Stoddard. DRUMS: Boris Todoroff.



## GLEE CLUB

This year Girls' Glee Club increased 100% over that of last year; and with the added voices and the desire to sing, the result has been very gratifying. Before orchestra was well organized the entire music load fell on the girls, but this year we have had more time for actual instruction therefore producing better choral numbers.

The Boys' Glee Club was organized at the request of several boys in school who saw the need for vocal work as well as orchestral training. Although they have made few public appearances, the boys feel that the year has been valuable to them resulting in some ability to read music and to exercise their vocal abilities.

There have been three special musical programs this year. Early in the Fall, the girls' glee club and a massed chorus of the boys' and girls' glees, furnished music at intervals during the afternoon and evening, at the Women's Club Flower Show. At the Christmas Charity Show, the combined groups produced the sacred Christmas Cantata, "The Child Jesus", which gave opportunities for solo and duet work as well as five choruses. The last public appearance of the whole of the Glee clubs was for the May Music Festival, when the boys made their first appearance very successfully as a Boys' Glee Club. The girls also gave three fine numbers. As a finale that day, the massed choruses sang, accompanied by the school orchestra.

A selected group of twelve from each organization forming a mixed Glee Club have entertained successfully, especially at the Jordon Oak Pilgrimage and at Women's Club affairs, such as the dedication of the John Muir Park on Mt. Diablo.

Each year seems to bring added interest to each musical organization within the school.





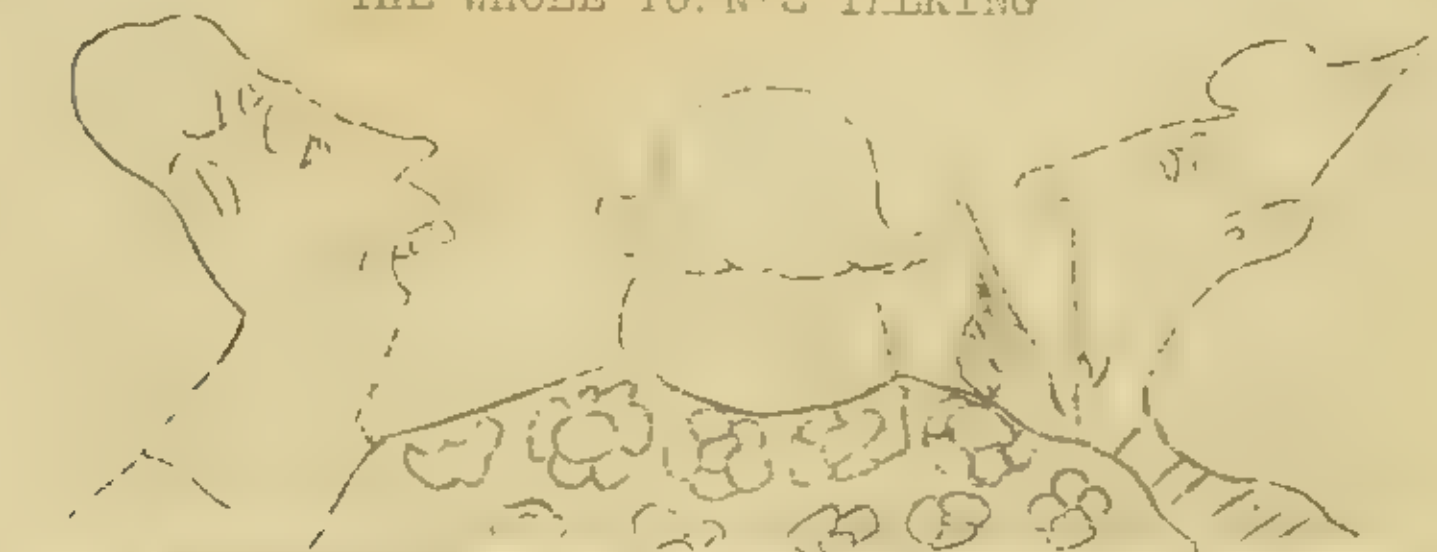
BAND AND ORCHESTRA  
GLTF CLUBS







## THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING



After six hectic weeks of hectic work, innumerable mad dashes over forgotten lines, and last minute property collecting, a first-rate cast of Juniors made their dramatic debut on Friday evening, March 17, in the local town's playhouse, the John Emerson-Anita Loos farce. But it was an appreciative audience that greeted the hot-like ragings of Henry Simmons (Howard Wiedemann), and the self-conscious love-making from Chet Binney (Bill Hendricks) and a pleasantly surprised cast settled down to give an excellent performance.

The moments of high farce came when Chet's framed "wild oat" romance with Letty Lythe (Fern Osborn), a movie actress, was exposed through her personal appearance at a local theatre. This set the "whole town talking", and exposed Chet to the anger of Letty's pugilistic fiancé (Herman Sandkuhle), and almost broke Chet's engagement to the only girl that had ever looked at him, Ethel Simmons (Hilda Zimmerman).

### THE CAST

Mr. Simmons, a manufacturer----	Howard Wiedemann
Mrs. Simmons, his wife-----	Isabelle Teixeira
Chet Binney, Simmons' partner----	Bill Hendricks
Ethel Simmons, the daughter----	Hilda Zimmerman
Roger Shields, of Chicago-----	Wilson Close
Letty Lythe, picture star-----	Fern Osborn
Donald Swift, her director----	Herman Sandkuhle
Sally Otis-----	Phyllis Spence
Lila Wilson-----	Helen Rutherford
Annie, the maid-----	Clara Holmes
Sadie Bloom-----	Julia Campanale
Taxi Driver-----	Manuel Medina
Stage Manager-----	June Ajari



## JONESY

PRESENTED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

Eight o'clock  
April 28th  
and excited  
first curtain on  
play, a three act



of the evening of  
found a trembling  
cast awaiting the  
"Jonesy", the Senior  
comedy.

Merle Johnson as  
by concentrating  
pajamas which he  
while Eula Jin-  
eaux put on the

make her the socie-  
spite her uncle, Mr. Jackson (Arlon Scott). The  
first act found Dorothy Sandkuhle and Gordon Dav-  
ies, as Mr. and Mrs. Jones, re-enters into their  
scenes depicting domestic bliss. The climax by  
Gordon's "rendition" of "My Merry Oldsmobile".  
The story centered around the gambling debt in-  
curred by "Jonesy" and his fraternity brother,  
Billy (Fred Brear), who attempt to pay the debt  
by temporarily selling the family car. Of course,  
father comes home too soon; Mother is involved;  
and the plot is a tangle.

## THE CAST

Henry Jones-----	Gordon Davies
Mrs. Jones-----	Dorothy Sandkuhle
Anne Jones-----	Betty Mauzy
Jonesy-----	Merle Johnson
Diana Devereaux-----	Eula Jinnette
Billy Morgan-----	Fred Brear
Mildred Ellis-----	Edna Mae Higgins
Katie-----	Margaret Alexander
Mr. Jackson-----	Arlon Scott
Mr. Silverberg-----	Manuel Medina
Policeman-----	Edward Johnson
Two Plumbers-----	(Amil Dondero Regner Hansen)





COACH AND CAST of 'Why the Ladies Hoot'  
YES-THAT'S REALLY  
SNOW



COACH AND CAST



THE  
FRANK  
JEFFERSON



STALICE



AIN'T SHE GRAND



ONE RICH  
COACH and CAST



NOW NOW  
LIFE IN THE



THE LONG  
and SHORT OF IT



WHAT!!

BASHFUL ROMEO

SNOW IN DANVILLE STAGE  
PAGE RIPLEY III MANAGER



JEAN HERSELF  
PERSON



ALWAYS ROOM  
FOR ONE MORE



TAKE YOUR  
FLICK BOYS

*Miller*







## THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

Two years ago the High School inaugurated the custom of giving a Christmas Charity Pageant. The price of admission is some kind of non-perishable food, to be placed in baskets later to be distributed to the needy in the Community.

The program opened with selections by the Orchestra, the String Ensemble and the Clarinet Quartet under the direction of Farrell J. Reilly.

The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, under the direction of Miss Ruth Finney, presented a cantata, "The Child Jesus". The solo numbers were sung by: Amelia Campanale, Willise Main, and Vincent Campanale.

The Freshman and Sophomore classes presented the one-act play, "Way the Chimes Rang", under the direction of Mrs. Dorothy Prescott. The scenery, designed and prepared by Bill Hendricks made a very effective background for the medieval costumes made by the girls of the Homemaking Department under Mrs. Mary A. Binns' direction.

The cast of the play was composed of the following members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes: Tulane Carrington, Ted Main, Walter Frick, Isabelle Teicheira, Douglas Kelly, Leo Stanley, Joe Teicheira, Josephine Lion, Forest Shaklee, Willise Main, Thomas Mayo, and Jean Miller.

We feel that this program has been a decided success in the past two years. The Women's Club arranged the baskets and distributed the food, and we know that every one felt a little better for the presence of so much Christmas spirit. The little tots were not forgotten, for Mr. Brown's boys in Woodwork turned out some of the cutest wooden toys we've seen in a long time. There were Jumping jacks, airplanes, monkeys, men that boxed with each other, dolls that jump over sticks, all brightly colored, and so nappy looking they would brighten the Christmas of any child!



## CHRONOLOG

- |           |    |  |
|-----------|----|--|
| August    | 26 | Registration Day. Back to the old grind.   |
|           | 31 | Class meetings and elections.  |
| September | 29 | Danville wins first football game at Hayward. Good beginning.                            |
| October   |    | Old girls give new girls Get-To-Gether party.  |
|           | 6  | First report cards of year. Everybody glum.  |
|           | 7  | Student Body dance. Good time was had by all.  |
|           | 8  | Football at Pleasanton. No luck.   |
|           | 18 | Junior Pie and Cake Raffle. Tummy aches.   |
|           | 21 | Football at Half Moon Bay. Boys transported in "Yellow Peril."                           |
|           | 27 | Flower show. Auditorium transformed into Garden of Eden.                                 |
| November  | 2  | Football at Pittsburg.   |
|           | 4  | Sophomore hop. Gingham dress and overalls. Huge success.                                 |
|           | 11 | Admission Day. We labor on.  |
|           | 21 | Thanksgiving vacation starts. Everybody happy (?)  |
| December  | 2  | Student Body Dance.  |
|           | 7  | Fathers and Sons Banquet. Got ahead of you, girls.                                       |
|           | 16 | Christmas Program. Angels and madonnas and groceries all over the place. Two weeks rest. |



January	3	School again! What did Santa bring you?
	20	Student Body Dance.
	23-28	Finals! Everybody cross and cranky.
February	8	Senior Pie and Cake Raffle. Yummy, what cakes!
	10	Junior Play, "The Whole Town's Talking"--Bill Hendricks--Ladies' Man.
	12	Movie--"Drop Kick".
	25	Inter-class track. Seniors came out on top.
March	1	Student Body Meeting. Scott Controversy over dance committee
	9	Assembly. Dr. Knowles of The College of Pacific.
	14	Tree dedication.
	17	Stoddard's Jazz Band entertains noontime dancers.
	17	Junior Prom. Very gala affair.
	31	Old Clothes Day. Grand Clean up.
April	7	Track at Martinez.--movie.
	20	Mothers and Daughters Banquet. Good food.
	28	Senior Play--"Jonesy". And they did it up brown.
May	1	May Day Community Picnic. Everybody and dog here.
	6	Girls' Play Day at Concord.



- |      |    |   |
|------|----|---|
| May  | 26 | Girls' League Picnic. Sunburn and ants.   |
| June | 2  | Junior and Senior Banquet. Everyone dolled up fit to kill.  |
|      | 6  | Senior Picnic. Very exclusive affair.   |
|      | 8  | Graduation.   |
|      | 9  | Senior Ball. A sigh and a tear. School ends. Much hand shaking, kissing, and writing down of addresses. |





## MAY DAY FETE

On May Day of this year an old custom of San Ramon Valley was revived---that of having a community May Day Festival. Under the direction of Principal Joseph Eisig a general committee was organized with representatives from every organization in the valley. This group drew up plans for the general program of the day. With Mr. A. E. Davies of Alamo, as the Master of Ceremonies, and Mr. Fred Wiedemann of San Ramon as Marshal of the Day a long parade formed at the High School grounds on May 1, and paraded the length of the town and back to the school. There were floats of all descriptions, Spanish riders, doll parades, bicycles, one-hoss shays, and even a wild man in a cage. Numerous prizes were donated by the Sequoians, and these were awarded after the judges had made their selections.

Just as the parade returned to the school grounds it began to rain, and continued all afternoon. An elaborate sports' program had been planned for the afternoon, but since the weather did not clear up it had to be abandoned, and everyone danced in the school auditorium instead. Many people showed a desire to continue the dance that night, so the orchestras consented, and the dancing continued until about eleven-thirty that night.

In spite of the bad weather, and in spite of the fact that the picnic lunches had to be eaten inside the building, everyone seemed to have no end of fun, and the consensus of opinion was that the day was a huge success. Certainly every organization in the valley did its utmost to cooperate and make the day one to be remembered for some time. People who formerly lived in the valley and moved away returned for the day, and in every corner one could see friends who in some cases had not seen each other for some years, talking over old times and pastimes. It seems to be the hope of nearly everyone that the old custom will be carried out in the years to come, and not just revived for one year.









~~VAN GORDEN & DANVILLE~~

LITERARY



Have you ever seen that place, gables and tall chimney pots and spires, black against a bloody sky and that great weeping willow forming a lacy screen to its aging walls? Rising from the shrubby mass about it, almost unreal but for a light filtering through a blinded window. Yes, there's something about it I can't explain. You remember I told you about Mr. Hemme over there in Hemme Park and the San Ramon Harlens. Well, Hemme's son Clarence was to be married to Helena Harlen, and August Hemme built the place as a fit home for the children of the two wealthy pioneer families. No expense was spared in the making, the best architects and builders were hired and Mr. Hemme himself superintended the planting of the grounds. There were great stock and carriage barns constructed and the ideal "farm mansion" was presented to the happy couple as the wedding party swept up the curving drive to the door. But play-boy, rich man's son Clem couldn't make a husband for pioneer Helena. Nothing was said, she just went home. Soon after this August Hemme failed in his immense water project down in Arizona, and though there were other things that might be blamed, that finished him. The Hemme's lost everything. Clarence was good-hearted, but he hadn't his father's business head and without his allowance I guess he died in the poor-house. You see the house reflects the tragedy and sorrows and misfortunes of its master. Perhaps Helena and Clem still laugh and love in those patterned shadows.



## REVENGE

We had been together at Harvard but had experienced no companionship there. In fact, we had been enemies almost from the first day. Hall was in those days, a small, thin, nervous type of man, who, with his associates, perfectly epitomized the English dandy. Perhaps it was that fact which instilled in me the contempt of him. Behind him were years of well-bred English ancestors each of whom had, as time wore on and family wealth accumulated, found it entirely unnecessary to expend his physical and mental energies in the accumulation of money; and this petted namby-pamby was the result. This alone was enough to sanction extreme disgust but the fact that he had a yellow streak justified actual hatred. He was always very clever in concealing his weakness and the ordinary person not coming in actual daily contact with him would never have suspected it. He was an unmitakeable cheat.

Belonging to an old crowd, I was in a position to injure him socially, and at every possible opportunity could not resist the temptation to do so. Thus within several months we became bitter enemies.

As the years dragged onward and that brief interval of Harvard days became more deeply enmeshed in the long ago, I had heard from time to time the tales of success and woe concerning my former school-mates, and occasionally someone would mention Hall's name. After years of playing the sniftless man about town, practically devoid of cares and responsibilities, he had now settled down to the gratification of his hobby of collecting precious jewels!

In the fall of 1928 we returned from Egypt and were busily engaged in adjusting ourselves to running water at anytime of day or night, efficient hotel service, and digestible food, when Hall's card reached us. "Will you and your wife lunch with me tomorrow at 1:30 p.m., at my hotel? Will engage private dining room. Have something that may interest you." Thoroughly surprised, I carried it to my wife, and together we commented on it. Assured that it must be something of extreme importance I hastily scribbled,



"We shall be delighted," across the back and handed it to the waiting messenger boy.

It is not our habit to be punctual but that day our curiosity prompted our punctuality. I, was, however, not fully prepared for the shock I received. The man who met us, although younger than I, seemed years older. His eyes, sunken in their sockets seemed to speak of loneliness and failure to succeed, and I actually found myself pitying him. But when with a sneering laugh, he explained to my wife that we had been at school together, the hatred for him I had experienced in those far away days, again surged up within me and flowed through every vein.

The mere formalities over, the conversation shifted to other subjects. He had heard about us and our wanderings a good many times and had been looking forward to meeting us. It was not until we had nearly finished dessert that he spoke of his reason for calling us.

A few months before, while traveling he had picked up a very fine nobby specimen and he had been eager to show it to some one who would appreciate so beautiful a thing. We sat back easily lulled by the monotony of his voice, absorbing his personality which seemed to sap vibrancy from the jewels which he described.

As we drained our coffee cups he hastily arose to return shortly with a golden box about six inches square, set with rubies, emeralds, and several large diamonds. If we had suffered from any lethargy before, we were certainly alert now. It was magnificent.

We had commented upon it for some moments, when I chanced to glance upward to the mantel above the fireplace at the timepiece. There, reflected, in the glass of the dial, I was startled to see the smooth, dark face of a man. For some reason I could not locate the position of the face within the room, and with no explanation, rose hastily from my chair. I slowly circled that room and as I reached the window I felt a little draft from behind the heavy, velvet drapes. I suddenly drew aside those drapes, to see the window, which opened out on to a balcony slowly closing. There was no one there! By this time the other occupants of the room were thoroughly aroused.



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My alarm, however, was unappreciated for Hall said, "Had you noticed the bronze statue before the window over there? It is (and he named a famous hero) a very life-like statue. It has a fear provoking trick of reflecting itself in the face of that mantel clock if the drapes blow back.

Several months later with unconcern we read of Hall's death in the obituary column of the London Times. Our unconcern soon turned to bewilderment because within a short time we were requested to be present at the reading of his will. At this reading the fact came that the deceased had been a very ill man for the past year and had known for four months that the end was very near. His physician verified this statement and delivered a lengthy discourse as to the nature of his ailment. The discovery was also made that we were the heirs to the golden box. My wife was delighted with it and valued it above any of our other unique possessions, seeming to connect some good luck charm with our inheritance of the box. My only concern was an eternal, "Why?"

So it was five months later when we talked of touring Africa she insisted on taking it with us. She would listen to no arguments. She had made up her mind and nothing could ever change it. My wife is like that.--So the box went with us.

In our attempt to get as far away from civilization as possible we procured a miserable native hut within the boundaries of the jungle. The necessary articles were packed in on the backs of natives, and within a month or so, we were comfortable established, (especially for Africa). Our household equipment consisted of two cots, two soap boxes, two sauce pans, a skillet, a comb, a staff of five big black natives and one golden box.

From the very first we had trouble with the servants. No sooner had we unpacked and arranged our few possessions than the first staff deserted, with the exception of one, and he, too, seemed to be uneasy. He seemed more intelligent than the others and spoke a few words of English. He was a great favorite with my wife who called him Stipo. He seemed to fit unquestionably at the head of each new staff of servants.

After repeated disruptions in our household by constant change of servants, Alice took it



upon herself to question Stipo; a long tongue wearying and unsuccessful process.

One evening, several months later, we were abruptly aroused by the muffled beat of the tom-tom and the piercing wails of human voices in the distance.

It was Alice who again enlightened me. Stipo had made her understand in his few English words, that this was the brief interval when all of savage Africa laid aside its barbarous hunting habits to worship at the feet of its many gods. Hours seemed heaped on hours before the monotonous rhythm of their dance brought them nearer our hut. With their coming we became aware of the sickening odor of burning flesh which came in nauseating waves through the thin walls of the hut. Feeling strangely ill we sought refuge on the beaten mud and thitch square before the hut. But it was heavier there. At last as though dragged we dropped to the ground to sit huddled in an agony of nausea from which there was no escape.

Some hours later we arose to go inside. The air was clearer and the odor less noticeable. As we neared the doorway something new issued forth, causing a stinging sensation in our nostrils. The odor was entirely different, as was the giddy feeling that it produced. Something was wrong! I lit a match to discover that the whole room had been thoroughly ransacked. In one corner I stumbled over a small object, and upon a closer investigation, I identified it as an incense burner from hence curled a smoke, the fumes of which filled the room. Quickly extinguishing it, I opened the small case on a box near by which so far had enclosed the golden box. It was gone! There was a slight draft then which caused the tiny flare of the match to waver and go out, leaving us in total blackness.

I fumbled for another match, and upon lighting it touched it to the wick of the small oil lamp which was near-by. Alice screamed and pointed toward the opposite corner. There lay the crumpled figure of a man, the smooth, dark skin across his chest stained with blood. In horror I recognized the smooth and bronze face that had been reflected in the clock dial. Stipo had disappeared!

From one of the servants that remained we



learned that the golden box which we valued so highly, had been stolen from a certain African tribe and was destined to bring death to whomever it belonged unless returned to the tribe. We began to understand the queer antics of the natives.

We shivered at the thought of that twisted mind that had nursed a school grudge to become this vengeance. He, of course, had known the shalaw that hung over this rarity and on learning the doctor's prediction had searched for an enemy to inherit this death warrant. The bitter ache of his school fellow's taunts was still raw in his heart and the one most scornful of the fellows had been I.

Two days later Stipo returned. We found him cleaning a bird he had trapped for our dinner. He made no explanations and when Alice questioned him about the incident of the murder, his stolid unintelligence was clearly a guilt. Stipo predicted every native disturbance, learned every scrap of jungle news within a hundred mile radius but he was strangely uninformed as to the murder of the man who came to steal the golden box.

Prize Story

Dorothy White





## SANCTUARY

Moonlight steeped the moor. The low grasses murmured in the wind. Otherwise all was silent, the lonely and deathly silence that is felt only in the vast waste lands. Silent and lonely as the moor itself, an ancient convent stood at it's edge. Moon whitened and ghostly, it's many towers gleamed softly through the black shadows of the cypress.

Oh, ancient, dismal structure, how many despairing hearts have come to your patient portals seeking no more than solace and peace?

A girl knelt beside an open window; her pale cheek pressed to the cold iron bars. She was dressed as a novitiate of the order. The long months of penance were passed, and resignation marked the gentle beauty of her face. In her passive fingers hung a rosary. Thoughts of the past had stopped the telling of her beads.

The lovely, stately sister whom she had loved, and the lover who had held so lightly the passion of her undisciplined heart--that dreadful night when she had seen them together on the balcony--had heard their whispered words and seen her betrayal in their embraces. Concealed behind the draperies she had watched him leave, and her quivering rage had been maddened by the smile on her sister's face as she sat on the balcony railing. Would time ever erase from her memory that terrified shriek--the fall? But her sister had not died--God had been kind---or unkind.

In the darkening silver sky, the stars trembled faintly. Over her pale cheeks the tears globed and fell. Tears that momentarily washed clean her soul, taking with them bitter thoughts and regrets. Soon down among a distant city's poor----where poverty brought it's desperate train, she would find her place---sister of mercy.

A cloud passed across the moon. The cold wind blew about her. She instinctively drew her cape closer. The beads slipped through her fingers one by one as in the deepening shadows she murmured her prayer.

Willise Main



EL ESPANTO  
"THE TERROR"

Felita sat on the little balcony looking down into the courtyard where the wedding festival was at the height of its mad gayety. The fevered rhythm of the guitars gave animation to the twirling feet of the dancing girl in the light of a huge bonfire. A circle of eager, happy faces surrounded her so that no movement would escape their gleaming eyes.

Tomorrow was Felita's wedding day. Tomorrow she would go to the chapel of the padre's mission, and after a few quiet words she would be Senora Moraga. No longer the gay Felita of San Ramon.

She would leave the sleepy, tranquil beauty of the valley that bore her name. Desert the gardens and orchards of the hacienda of adobe and bright red tiles, so dear to the heart of the color-loving child of Spain. She would pass out of the shadows of devil mountain to the stately House of Moraga where the mad old Senor ruled with heavy hand.

A silence settled over the group as the haunting strains of "Old Madrid" throbbed beneath the fingers of the dancing girl. Her clear, lilting voice sang the love song of a Spanish Knight of Granada.

"Come, my love, the Stars are shining--"  
Time is flying, love is sighing--  
Come, for thee a heart is pining--  
Here alone I wait for thee--"

"Felita," a soft whisper ended her reverie.  
"Felita, did you hear that song--those words?  
"Come my love, the stars are shining."

"Juan," she cried sharply, "go away, my father and Carlos will kill you! The hatred of the San Ramon's and Moraga's for the family of De Soto will never die! Since Romero Moraga was murdered the feud has doubled its fury. You



must be careful.

They both shuddered as the thought of the terrible feud of a century came flooding back. The tales of knifing and murder done by their families.

"But Felita, they will never know. My cousin Allesandro Vallejo will shelter us, Come."

At that moment Carlos Moraga's eyes strayed from the rhythmical tangle of the dancer's feet, and saw Juan standing there. With an insane cry he pointed to the man cornered by the wall. "Juan De Soto," he screamed. "That swine at my wedding festival. With animal rage he lunged toward Juan but as suddenly stood frozen. Over the wall a horrible face grinned at him. The face of "El Diablo."

On the strained ears of the listening group beat the mad-tortured laughter of a soul in hell. A wavering, fading scream and El Diablo had gone! A small piece of greasy paper fluttered to the ground. It bore the feared inscription--

"El Espiritu de la Montana  
Ha Hablado"

The terrible curse of the mountain spirit had fallen!

The rest of the night men worked with feverish haste, trying to construct a fort--barred gates--set up guns--stationed look-outs--reinforced walls--endless labor.

Felita forced her tired brain to direct them but she gave up and with leaden feet, walked slowly to her balcony. Watching--waiting for death. Then a faint grey light began to show over the mountain only a few moments longer--the workers slept. The faint notes of a guitar recalled happier days. Felita, singing her last goodbye to her lover.

A ray of light struck the crest of the mountain and the skin drums of the Bolgones



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began their message of death. Another moment and the sun arose to its full glory, the ravines of the mountain were stained with bloody light. The time had come!

With cries of rage the painted horde swarmed over the valley. The horrible painted "spirit" danced before them, arousing their lust for blood. Down, down they swept, through the fields of green grass, through the orchards to the vineyards. There they halted for a moment, impaired by the creeping vines but not for long. With renewed fury they came on. The corral gates crashed and the fences fell. Nearer they came--by leaps and bounds to the doomed watchers--!

Thus Felita was not permitted to make her choice between a romantic elopement or a commonplace, respectable marriage. She was not to be the heroine of another legend to add allure to the mad moments of a fiesta or to stir the sleeping thoughts of love in the wistful eyed Spanish maidens or to render more arduous the age old serenades strummed by dashing cavaliers to their lady loves, a tale that would bring memories to the gossiping old Peons that bask in the sun by the stable gates.

Nor was she to rule in the House of Moraga, growing old and corpulent, with grand-children following her footsteps about the garden, or listening wide-eyed as she directed her Indian workmen.

For, by noon the hacienda of San Ramon had vanished. In its place was a heap of smouldering ruins.

El Diablo had come. And gone!

Jean Miller





## SAN RAMON VALLEY

Ten scouts had left their native east  
To explore a land to them unknown;  
Many hardships they had braved  
To seek for friends and kin, a home.

One by one they staked their homesites  
Here and there throughout the west  
Till one alone, with hopes unanswered,  
Still continued with his quest.

Long months later, evening found him;  
On a hill, still sunlight shown.  
In the west a golden gateway  
In the east, a mountain lone.

Travel worn was he and weary  
Longing for the peace of night.  
His gaze lighted, interest quickened,  
As fulfillment met his sight.

Low hills rippling all about him  
Met a valley emerald set  
His patience was rewarded  
In God's own land his hopes were met.

Prize Poem

Willise Main



## ESSAY

Once last summer, at the close of a scorching day, three friends and I saddled horses and set off across the parched valley for the shadowed hills beyond.

Before us, the sky was aflame with sunset; the atmosphere was moved by a comforting breeze.

I sensed a pleasant thrill as our horses pulled at their reins and lengthened into a fast run. After standing all day in the shade of the barn patiently switching flies, they were eager for exercise. It seemed as if we were racing to capture some of that golden glory of the sunset before it melted away.

By the time we started up the first incline of the ridge dusk had settled. The last beams of the sun had faded behind the hills, and the few puffs of clouds that hung in the sky were lined with silver.

The ascent grew steeper and more difficult as we climbed. The trail twisted and turned among live-oaks, elms, and madrone trees; it struggled through grease-wood and wild blackberry and r growths, and stumbled dizzily around rocky ledges.

We were forced to keep constantly alert, with eyes to the front to detect successfully the snarl of overhanging limbs, the grasp of clutching vines, and touch of poison oak.

Occasionally we halted our horses in an open stretch of trail and surveyed the way over which we had come. The brush-fringed hills on the opposite side of the valley had released a huge lopsided moon that slowly surmounted the heavens; Danville blinked tiny yellow eyes at us, and chains of lights were drawn swiftly along the thread-like highway.

The surrounding trees cast grotesque shadows across the grass; the scurry of a woodrat in a clump of dry brush nearby, caused the horses to perk their ears.



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After awhile we urged our horses on again and finally reached the summit of the ridge, about fifty feet from the "bear tree"---a natural reproduction of that symbol found on our state flag, and a landmark well-known to this community.

San Ramon Valley, lying far below, was measured off into light and dark blotches of gray---the orchards, vineyards, tomato patches, and hay fields.

The stiff white steeple of the little Danville church stood out clearly in the moonlight. It silently watched with pastoral dignity, the every movement of the town.

Low hills rolled back from the valley and bowed before Mt. Diablo.

We continued along the edge of the ridge for some time; then we dipped into a small sheltered hollow which the moon failed to light. There we had to depend chiefly upon the sureness of our horses, for the trail was rough and not clearly distinguishable.

Emerging, the trail led coddily across a narrow strip of ground that dropped abruptly away about a hundred feet on one side, and sloped sharply on the others.

At last we came to a flat open spot from which we could survey the land to the north.

Far in the distance could be seen the watery straits which separate Martinez and Benicia; beyond, the indistinct outline of Mt. St. Helena.

A million tiny lights betrayed the whereabouts of Martinez, Bay Point and Concord, while a group of silver, squatty tanks indicated the position of Avon.



## INVERNESS

In Marin County, basking placidly on the edge of a little bay, there is a summer resort. The Swiss-Italian fishermen are its year-round inhabitants; each day, during the winter, their sturdy little crafts set out for the deeper waters of the ocean and chug home at dusk with full nets.

With the coming of May, however, the two grocery stores, a candy shop, and a filling station emerge from their dormancy and open for business. The fishermen hang out their "Boats for Hire" signs and the summer season is in full swing. But even these transformations do not alter the completely contented atmosphere of the village.

Behind the town is a forest. In this sylvan retreat, the silence is almost awe inspiring. It is so intense, that a single bird note or the rustle of some other denizen of the wood, rings out sharply. Even the gurgle of the brook is muffled. The leaf mold is thick and moist under foot, and here and there are carpets of blue forget-me-nots and maiden hair. Spider webs cling to the berry bushes, and the sun, penetrating the thick overhead foliage, transforms them into little, silvery rainbows.

Up on the "mesa" are the homes of the summer residents. They are all modest, with bright flower gardens, and wide porches, commanding a view of the bay.

Down on the beach, the out-going tide leaves fascinating little shell fish, and one can lie lazy for hours in the warm sun.

Then in September when the winds from the ocean become chilly, the summer residents put the storm shutters on their cottages, lock their



doors, and leave. The candy shop and the filling station go back into hibernation and the fishermen begin to repair their nets. The school teacher comes in from Point Reyes on the stage and the vacation season is over.

So it is, year after year. I should be disappointed if I were ever to go back and find it changed.

Betty Mauzy

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OPIUM BOWL

The recollection of my youth is very hazy in my mind. As I recall it, I was born in a dingy little metal worker's shop in Pieping. The old man who made me was a dear old soul, as yellow and withered as the last leaf, and he talked to me and fondled me as he fashioned me out of brass. It seems to me that this was about the year seventeen hundred and fifty seven. When I was complete, I was sent and put on a little table out in front shop and offered for sale. For many days I remained unsold because of my great price, but one day a rich prince who was passing by saw me and ordered me to be purchased. I was smothered in crisp paper, flecked with gold, the color of cherry blossoms. The kind of paper Ah Ling saved to wrap his most cherished pieces of workmanship.

I was taken to the prince's palace, a few miles outside the walls of the city and immediately put into use. The buds of the poppy, great green globes through which peeped the golden petals, were placed in me and a great fire lighted beneath me. When the buds had become like powder they were taken from me, and I suppose they were smoked. I think that the prince had his own field of poppies, although I'm not sure.

Life went on in this manner for I don't know how many years without being disturbed to any great extent. Presently, though, many coolies began to move along the road. Day after day they passed and each day the stream of surging human-



ity grew larger. As they passed they yelled unintelligible words and shook their fists at the palace in which the prince lived.

After this had gone on for a few days the people of the house began to get nervous. One day we moved back into the city, and as we went I heard some of the servants say that if there was going to be a revolution they would be safer in the city.

In the city there was even greater turmoil than on the highroads. As we passed through the market square I heard the clamor of an angry mob.

When we reached our city home, all was quiet and still. But as I was being put away I was conscious of a muffled roar coming from the direction of the market place. As I lay on my shelf the roar grew louder and louder until it seemed as if it was right in front of the house.

At that moment the door of the closet was flung open and I was taken out by a servant. He ran with me to the head of the stair case but there he stopped. In the lower hall a wild mob was milling about uncertainly. Then one of the men below spied the servant, who carried me. I saw the glint of steel and a knife whistled through the air. It struck my servant squarely in the chest and he staggered and fell. I dropped from his arms and rolled down the stairway toward that wild and hunger crazed mob. As I reached the bottom, the gaunt, yellow arm of a woman shot out and snatched me up. The woman pressed me closely to her and forged her way through the crowd. When we reached the street she hastened by narrow alleys to a little hovel of mats near the walls of the city. Inside the hut were a man and his father, an old withered frame of bones and yellow skin, barely covered by his rags. There was a great number of children playing about and I afterwards learned that they all belonged to this family. The squalid conditions in this hut were appalling.

The woman hid me under a pile of mats and there I stayed for several days. One day troops came marching down the street and the people who lived in the hut fled. I stayed under those mats



for so many years without being disturbed that I cannot remember. The mats disintegrated and I became buried in the earth.

One day a poor boy picked me up as he was shuffling along on his bare feet. He muttered a curse and rubbed his injured toe, but on second thought he picked me up. He carried me to a ship in the harbor and went on board her. Down into the steerage he went, from family to family, offering me in exchange for the care and protection that they would give him. Finally one family agreed and I changed owners.

On the long journey across the ocean I was used to boil soap in, and the whole family dipped in their tin cups and drank.

When we reached our port I was taken up to a shop where a kindly old man, much like Ah Ling, bought me. He placed me on an old satin skirt which had pleased an Empress and I was allowed to gaze out the window.

The traffic! Never in all my long life had I seen such traffic. The Italian, trundling his cart of vegetables and crying aloud his wares. The occasional limousine, sliding past, housing stately ladies and gay debutantes. And all day, and incessant stream of Chinese dressed in strange clothes and jabbering a strange tongue.

One day a strange man with a pale skin came to take me away. My owner was loth to sell me but he finally agreed and I again changed owners. The man took me to a furniture store where I received a much needed polish, and the dents were taken out of me.

Then I was taken across a small body of water and presented to a man and a woman. The man was in a black suit with a white shirt and the woman had on a white dress with a veil. They took me in an automobile to a house in the country. There I was placed above the mantle piece and a wreath of leaves placed beneath me. I have been here about fifteen years and from what I have heard the people of the house say, I live in the home of the Kelly's.

Douglas Kelly



## PHANTASIES

The steady movements of wheels over the steel rails. The little towns along the way slipped by like red and green dots on a smooth ticker tape. It was a through train--We made no stops. In the other end of the Pullman a baby whimpered, sobbed, and then subsided. The car was again quiet. Three o'clock-----a tall figure arose and stalked noisily down the aisle to the observation platform. There was an odor of camphor mingled with stale tobacco.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

The night was warm and still. The pines whispered among themselves, telling each other of the vibrant life that their branches harbored. The silvery moonlight touched here and there the shadowed brooklet ripples. Dark!-----Soft Gray, framed by the forest beauty came the doe and her fawn. Daintily they lowered their shapely heads to drink.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

It was a queer old shop--filled with priceless antiques and curios. Along the walls deep shelves filled with lovely, transparent china, ran parallel, in the deepest, darkest corner sat an old spinning wheel, its spindle threaded as if someone had just got up from the mahogany stool beside it. In the opposite corner was an elaborately carved tea chest from which issued forth the spicy odor of foreign herbs scattered carelessly among Venetian laces, Chinese jade, and treasures such as only distant lands may offer--its lid just a bit ajar as if inviting idle fingers. The tall mahogany grandfather clock seemed to say, "I am old--I am old--Time does not cease,--Time does not cease. It was amid these priceless treasures that--"Oh, how perfectly adorable, my dear." "Simply too sweet." "So gorgeous." "My dear, have you noticed this?" "Exquisitely grand."

I am old--I am old. Time does not cease,  
Time does not cease.

Dorothy White









WOOD & SYCAMORE

ATHLETICS



"Woodside?" That belongs to the woods now, doesn't it? And a fine old place it is, but when Leonard Lady came into the Spanish Valley in 1850 there were only deer, and elk, and grizzlies, and the white sycamores there. He sailed to California, a forty-niner, but farming was more attractive and proved to be more profitable than mining. When going to return to Illinois to be married, he sold a part of his place in '53 to Phillip Mendenhall, the original patriarch of all true Californians, for he was the first American to be married in California. Mendenhall built a house very much like the Lady home, partly of Georgia pine which he had brought around the Horn. You can measure the age of this house by the height of the ceilings. The same low ones may be seen in western houses built before revolutionary times. Perhaps it was the New England style of the house that attracted Mr. Wood for he was of a prominent revolutionary family of Concord, Massachusetts. His great-great-grandfather, General Barrett was in command of the minute-men on April 19, 1775. The Mendenhalls had planted a grove of locust trees and Mr. Wood was among the first men who brought the Eucalyptus to California. Miss Charlotte Wood says she remembers the little flat of a hundred blue gums that her father brought to plant on their place. But here I am trying to tell you about the Woods. Miss Wood can do that much better than I, and too, she can show you a collection of relics that are sure to interest you.



## FOOTBALL--'32

A peppy "gang" of football players rallied around Coach Brown for the 1932 season. Suits were given out on Monday, Sept. 12, and the squad settled down to learn the fundamentals of Football. After two weeks of practice the squad traveled to Hayward to play the first game of the season. After a hard game they returned home with a score of 7--Danville 0. But defeat meant nothing this early in the season, and the team was in high spirits over the next game with Pleasanton which was played on the home field October 7. The team proved themselves by winning 7 to 0.

On Saturday, October 15, the team traveled to Gonzales where they played a good game considering the circumstances. Their team averaged much heavier than ours and they looked twice our size when they came on the field. The team couldn't get settled down to real play until late in the game. The final score was Gonzales 45--Danville 6.

On October 21, the team traveled to Half Moon Bay where they played a good game with the Half Moon Bay first team. Danville lost by a 7 to 0 score. The game was played in the fog, which is a good an excuse as any.

October 26, Pittsburg played Danville at Danville, a large crowd witnessed a very good game in which Coach Brown's boys made good with a final score of Danville 19--Pittsburg 0.

On November 3, Pittsburg repaid Danville for the October 26 victory. A good game was played, but not a game that was particularly good for Danville, for Pittsburg accumulated 14 to Danville's 0.

On November 10, Danville played its last and most successful game, even though the scores weren't very large. Danville's team was in fine shape and out-played the Half Moon Bay team in a very spectacular game. The final score was Danville 6--Half Moon Bay 0.



## TRACK

'33's Track Team has finished a season, undefeated, the first in the history of the school. Thirty-eight fellows, all of whom are determined to break every record in sight, reported to Coach Brown at the beginning of the season.

Danville set her pace by defeating Antioch, Livermore, and John Swett High School, consecutively, and climaxed these victories by winning a five-way meet held at Martinez and participated in by Antioch, Alhambra, Riverdale, Concord, and John Swett High Schools.

On April 22 a team of picked boys went up to Davis to compete in the California Aggie's invitational Track and Field Meet. In 1932 the boys had won the meet, much to their surprise, and they were determined to repeat the victory, if it was humanly possible. When the dust had settled on the track that afternoon, Danville had accumulated 42 points; her nearest competitors were Riverdale and Alhambra tied at a 20 point score. We carried home two silver loving cups as a result of the day's victory; one for the Relay, won by Dondero, Frick and Arven and Arlen Scott; and one for the meet. Besides these cups the boys came home with fourteen medals for placing in the various events.

One of the most interesting feats of the day was Eldred Ramos' jump of 12 feet for a new record in the pole vault, Danville now holds six records for the Davis meet.

Mr. Frick, father of Bob and Walter, very kindly let our principal, Mr. Bisig, use his movie camera to take pictures of the meet, and the results were very interesting. Mr. Bisig caught practically all the interesting finishes of the day, including an aeroplane view of the sky and ground. It seems the camera started to run suddenly, and he couldn't seem to find the button to turn it off. We leave these pictures to the school for future classes to see, hoping that they will be spurred on by them.



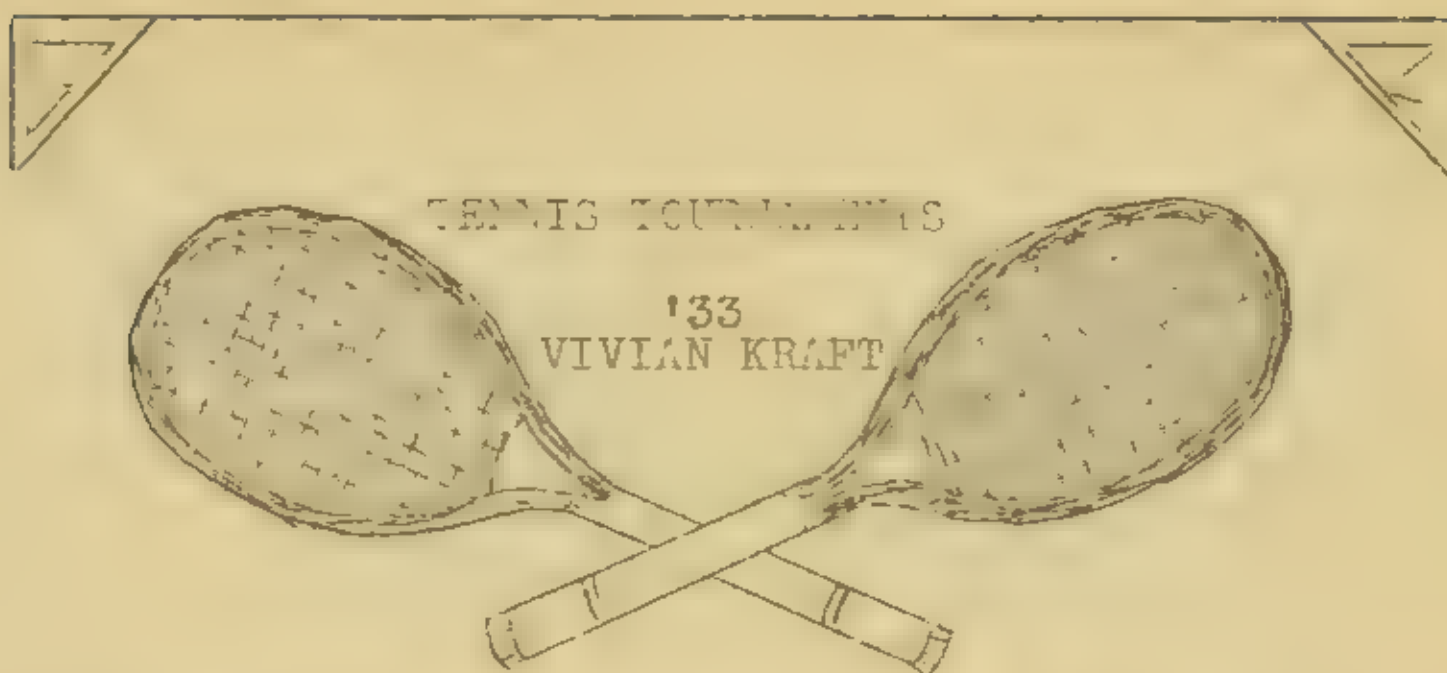


FOOTBALL SQUAD  
 A TRACK SQUAD  
 C TRACK SQUAD









A great deal of interest is being shown in tennis this year, much more than in previous years. A class of beginning tennis was started as a regular part of Girls' Physical Education, and many girls who had never had a racquet in their hands surprised themselves after a few lessons. As a result of this enthusiasm many more girls have turned out for the Tennis Tournament than in previous years.

An equal amount of interest has been shown among the boys for this sport, and about nine fellows are competing in the Boys' Tournament. The court is busy all day long, and an interested crowd is always on hand at noon to cheer (?) some poor player on.

The winner of each tournament has his name engraved on the Trophy Cup as a reward. In addition to this honor, the girls this year have decided to award tennis emblems-----a small one to the runner up, and a larger one to the winner of the tournament. This emblem is composed of two racquets crossed behind a shield on which are the school letters "SR". The whole emblem is in the school colors--green and gold.

Among the girls who are participating in the Girls' Tournament are: Barbara Nourse, Dorothy Sandmole, William Main, Berle Colwell, Josephine Lion, Helen Rutherford, Florence Goularte, Clara Lawrence, Vivian Kraft and Phyllis Spence.

The boys competing are: Wilson Close, Herman Sandmole, Leason Butler, Frank Junker, Raymond Sandmole, Arnold Barker, Leven Scott, Walter Frick and June Ajari.



## GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

This years' P. E. program has been somewhat varied by the introduction of Speedball and Folk Dancing, and a great deal of enthusiasm has been shown for both. On Old Clothes Day the Third Period Class challenged the Ninth Period group to a game of Speedball, and came away with colors flying, a beautiful display of bruises, kicked shins and a variety of black and blue spots.

On May 6, the G. A. A. of Mt. Diablo Union High School acted as hostess for a county play day. In all, seven schools were represented, Each School was allowed to bring 25 representatives, and four officials. When we all arrived, all the schools were divided up into teams, represented by seven different colors. In this way all the girls became acquainted with girls from other schools, and the spirit of inter-school competition was done away with. The playing time was divided into two periods-----one complete period being given over to one game. There were several basketball games, tennis, volleyball, paddle tennis, speedball, relays, and baseball. At the end of the first period, everyone changed to another game. Immediately after the playing periods, all the girls enjoyed some folk dancing in the gymnasium under the direction of Mrs. Williams, the P. E. instructor at Mr. Diablo.

At noon the weather didn't look too promising, so we all ate our lunches in the gymnasium, meanwhile giving yells, singing school songs, and in general, showing all the school spirit possible.

Immediately after lunch each school presented a skit, and the rest of the afternoon was taken up with social dancing.

Richmond has extended an invitation to all the schools to hold the Play Day at their school next year, and we certainly hope that we will be able to attend. This is the first time in some years that San Ramon has been able to arrange for a Play Day with another school, and we all feel that the benefits we derive from them are more than worth the effort of arranging and carrying out such programs.





THIRD PERIOD P. E.  
TENNIS  
NINTH PERIOD P. E.







## BOYS' SHOWER ROOM

A much needed addition, the new shower room for boys, has been constructed and finished by the General Shop Class and is quite an improvement over the old one. It became necessary to build this new room because some of the boys were getting to be such monsters that there wasn't room enough for all of them in the old building. Of course the new crop of Freshmen, a group of giants----- including Grant Osborn, Warren Anderson, Ted Main and Wendell Axtell--found the old structure much too crowded for their huge frames.

The new building was opened the last week in January and has been used steadily since then. Such a splash as is heard there third and ninth period, and the school simply reeks of Life Buoy!



FOOTBALL

When you've strained  
every second  
And you've groaned  
by the hour  
Gee but it's grand  
To get under that  
shower!

Life Buoy is great  
Life Buoy is sweet  
Boy but it's grand  
After that "Meet"!

DAVIS

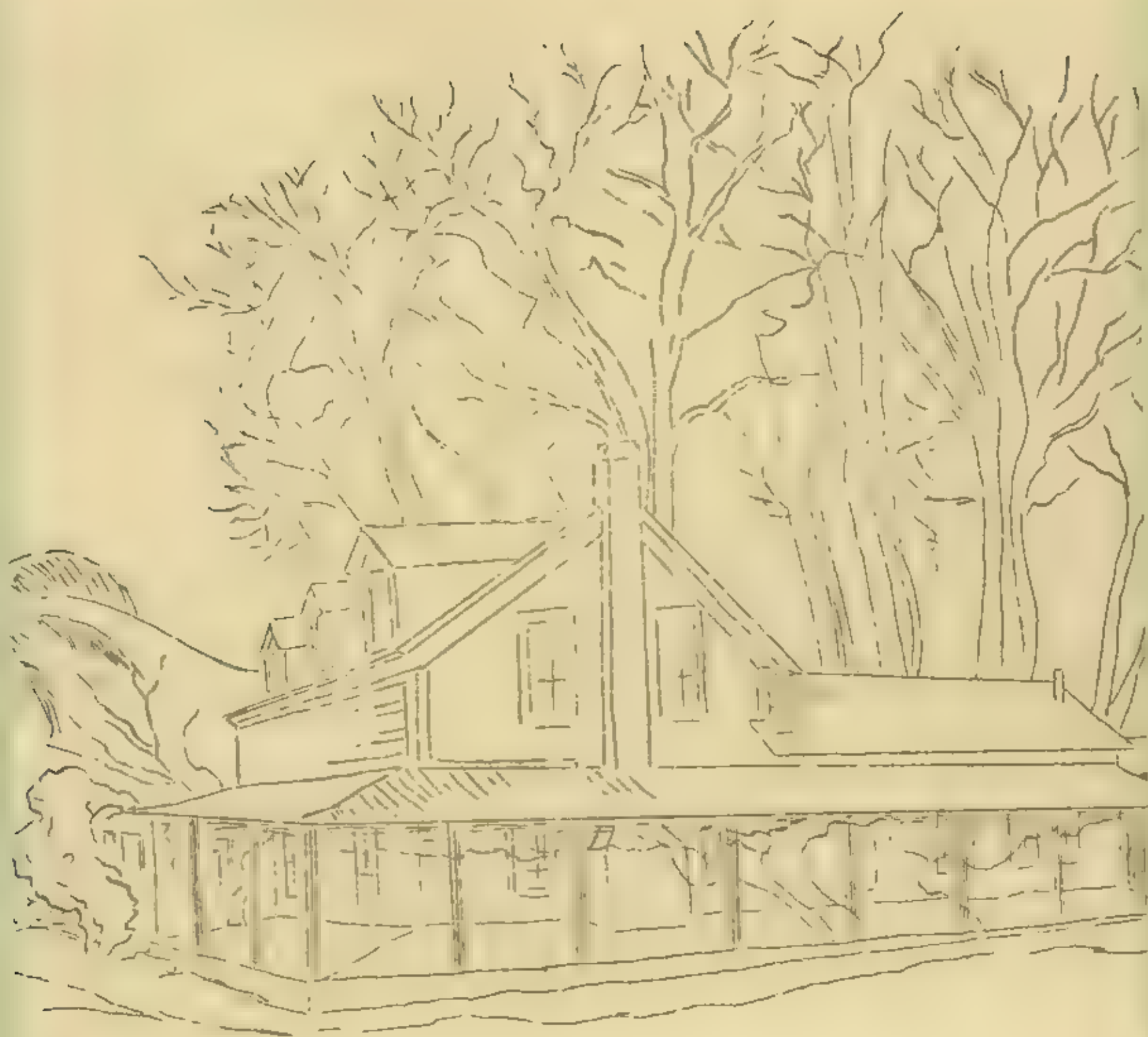


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Joshua Bollinger was an odd genius. There's an old story about that house he built. When he put his chimney on the side facing the road, which just wasn't done in those days, the neighbors all complained to him that it didn't look well at all. He replied coolly, characteristically, "This here chimney is for Josh to look at." There are other parts of the place that are mighty peculiar too, like that blank north wall. They say the floor plan's unusual, but I was in the place but once and that to Mrs. Bollinger's funeral. But Joshua was from Missouri, Bollinger County too, so you see his people were the pioneers in the more eastern-west. I guess that's Missouri we see in his house. As to style, it's something like a cross between New England and California. The little dormer-windows, the high-peaked roof and grooved siding are eastern, but the low rambling wings and verandah are like the adobes of the Mexicans. Many people have since copied Joshua's house, and many years have passed too, but the tired old house is still I think, the most interesting place in the valley, though there may be some who will Missouri-like say "You gotta show me." Yes, Joshua was the original Bollinger to settle in Bollinger Canyon, but soon there were lots of Bollingers and pioneers have to have elbow room. Then too, Joshua was too queer to get along with people. His wife, Catherine Luney, was just as strange, they say her sister was insane, so you see why in '66, they came down here near Alamo and built their place. Joshua didn't have any land troubles, and he was absolutely sure of his two hundred and eighty-three acres, for he was a good business man, but he could not read, and therefore, eating out was a problem for he could only tell the waiter, while pointing to the menu, "Gimme from thar to thar."



## THE WORLD WOULD COME TO AN END IF:

Edna Mae ever hurried  
Amil were a "Woman Hater"  
Merle ever stopped arguing  
Boris ever combed his hair  
Wilma ever lost her temper  
Bertha Alling wore stockings  
Ed Johnson didn't have an alibi  
Clara Lawrence stopped giggling  
Vincent Campanale lost his lisp  
One Semester should go by and Stanley didn't try to raise a mustache.  
Betty and Eula were ever separated  
Filippo ever said a word in Civics  
Jean Miller didn't crab about P. E.  
Arvie should forget to set his wave  
Lyman should forget "A certain girl"  
Howard Wiedemann should go on a diet  
Vivian Kraft ever got anything but A's  
A school dance were a financial success  
Bill Hendricks ever used his right hand  
Josephine Lion suddenly turned Democrat  
Evelyn Murillo ever forgot her lipstick  
Melva Osborn should become a chatterbox  
Eldred kept his eyes open when he danced  
Mildred Moss ever forgot to curl her hair  
Fern Osborn should lose all her boy friends  
Mr. Cooley ever failed to give an assignment  
A Student Body meeting should go by without at least one argument. (Page Ferman and Merle)  
Le Roy's hair should suddenly become straight  
We could kid Miss Finney out of tenth period.  
(Future Economics Classes Please note this.)  
Jimmy Concho were ever on time for one whole week  
Clara Holmes should develop a soft contralto voice  
Student Council meetings ever accomplished a thing  
The girls ever forgot to ask "Do we have gym?"  
Subjects ever took home notices handed out at school  
Pat and Arlene suddenly became models and students  
Mrs. McFadden ever let you put the scales up crooked  
Betty Stedrit could ever find what she wanted in her locker  
Miss Collier didn't lose her purse at least once every day



Mr. Cooley--(in Science) Why does a dog wiggle its tail?

Leland--"Because the tail can't wiggle the dog. I guess."

Mr. Cooley--"What does an automobile spring do?"

Hilda--"It furnishes water for the radiator?"

Mr. Brown--"Did you take a shower, Fred?"

Fred--"No, is there one missing?"

Mrs. Prescott--"What is the term "etc" used for?"

Arlen--"It is used to make people believe that we know a lot more than we really do."

Lady: Good morning, sir! Will you take a chair?

Installment Collector: No, thank you, I've come to take the radio.

\*\*\*

A farmer recently sued a railroad company for killing his cow. The jury's verdict, in favor of the farmer, read: "If the train had ran as it should have run; if the bell had rung as it should have rang; if the whistle had blowed as it should have blew, both of which it did neither--the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

First Farmer: I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two legged calf.

Second. I know. He came to call on my daughter last night.

Eula: What does LL.D. after a man's name mean?

Julia: I guess it means that he's a lung and liver doctor.



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Student Body Meetings  
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Graduation Night (If You Ever Graduate)  
What happens When You Cut The Corners In The Patio  
Bill Hendrick's Haircut (Ditto Windy)  
The "Scotts" and Their Girl Friends  
The Ever Present Giggling Frosh  
Dorothy's hee hee hee hee hee  
Sessions in The Office  
Evelyn Murillo's Line  
Mildred Moss's Giggle  
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## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

In San Ramon Valley it is extremely difficult to put on one's shoes without stooping over.

\*\*\*

Scientists have proven that it is almost impossible for the elephant to build the nest for its young in the top of tall trees on cold days.

\*\*\*

It is said that the people of Danville prefer to eat their breakfast in the morning rather than at any other time of the day.

\*\*\*

On cold days if you don't wind up the phonograph in the Commercial Room it will run down. This will also happen on warm days.

\*\*\*

Psychologists tell us that during the orchestra practices at San Ramon Valley Union High School it takes almost twice as much wind to play the cornet as it does to play the violin.

\*\*\*

In Danville the sidewalks extend around the corner. This does not happen in other parts of the world.

\*\*\*

At the base of Mount Diablo water will freeze at 32 degrees F.

\*\*\*

Doors at the San Ramon Valley Union High School open both inward and outward.

\*\*\*

The people of this valley prefer to walk on their own feet, rather than on other people's feet.

\*\*\*

The children of San Ramon Valley Union High School never complain of school except on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. This condition is rarely heard of in any other part of the world.

\*\*\*

In San Ramon Valley it is extremely difficult to exhale without having first inhaled.

\*\*\*



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First Neighbor: Do your daughters live at home?  
Second Ditto: Oh, no! They aren't married yet.

\*\*\*\*\*

Q: What is dandruff?  
A: Chips off the old block.

\*\*\*\*\*

She: I suppose you get paid for the "jokes" you write?  
He: Certainly! You don't imagine I write them for fun, do you?  
She: Oh, no! Anyone could tell that by reading them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Merle Johnson (Shopping) I want a pair of spec rimmed hornicles--I mean sporn rimmed hec-tacles--dash it! I mean heck rimmed sper-nacles--  
Floor Walker: I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Brown, show the gentleman a pair of rim sperved hectacles.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stanley: I've got a cold in my head.  
Fern: Well, that's something.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mike: Did you hear about the undertaker passing away last week?  
Ike: Uh-huh, he didn't make much on that job, did he.  
Mike: No. In fact, he went in the hole.

\*\*\*\*\*

Grant O.: Time me around the track, will you Coach?  
Coach B.: Sure, wait'll I get a calendar.



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He: The meat tastes rather funny, dear.  
She: Oh, dear, I was afraid that wouldn't fit it.  
It burned a little, so I put on some Ungentine.

\*\*\*\*\*

Florence G.: If I give you a piece of pudding  
you'll never return, will you?  
Persistent tramp: Well, miss, you know your pud-  
ding better than I do.

\*\*\*\*\*

Julia: Do you know what they do in Ireland when  
it rains?  
Margaret A.: No, what do they do?  
Julia: Let it rain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Forest Shaklee: I woke up with an awful sensation  
last night that my watch was gone, so I got  
up and looked.  
Robert Annis: Well, was it gone?  
Forest: No, but it was going.

\*\*\*\*\*

Gordon Fereira: I saw a rabbit eat cabbage and  
bark.  
Norman Harper: That's nothing, I saw a sculptor  
make a face and bust.

\*\*\*\*\*

Clerk: Did you kill any moths with those moth  
balls I sold you?  
Lyman S.: No, I tried for three hours and couldn't  
hit a one.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Cooley: Amil, how did you get that bump on  
your head?  
Amil: Oh, that's where a thought struck me.



Why are girls' lips like a book?  
Only red between meals.

\*\*\*\*\*

He: May I hold your hand a second?  
She: How will you know when the second is up?  
He: I'll need a second hand for that.

\*\*\*\*\*

### WHY STUDY

The more you study,  
The more you know,  
The more you know,  
The more you forget,  
The more you forget,  
The less you know,  
So why study?  
The less you study,  
The less you know,  
The less you know,  
The less you forget,  
The less you forget,  
The more you know,  
So why study?

\*\*\*\*\*

Lyman: What shall we do?  
Boris: I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go  
To the movies, tails we go to the dance, and  
if it stands on edge we'll write our book  
reports.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mother: You're at the foot of the spelling class  
again aren't you?  
Herman: Yes'm.  
Mother: How did that happen?  
Herman: Got too many z's in scissors.

\*\*\*\*\*



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Clarence Edsall: I wonder how many telephone poles  
it would take to reach the sky?

Raymond S: One, if it was long enough. Talk sense.

"Never the twain shall meet," sighed a small boy  
as he watched the brakeman throw the switch.

Mrs. Prescott: Give me a sentence with the word  
viaduct.

Manuel M. He threw a tomato at me and that's  
viaduct.

\* \* \* \*

Reg: What do you do for a cold?

Gordon D: Cough.

Miss Fienow (In Civics). What is the difference  
between a criminal suit and a civil suit?

Andy: Well, a criminal suit has stripes.

Mrs. Prescott: What is an optimist?

Herman: An eye doctor.

"I'm offering a prize for the laziest man in school  
and I think you'll win."

"Aw right, roll me over and put it in my back  
pocket."

\*\*\*\*\*

Bill H: Do you like codfish balls?

Ruth S: I don't know, I never attended any.



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Mr. Cooley: When were you born?  
Norman: The second of April.  
Mr. Cooley: Late again.

\*\*\*

Teacher: Correct this sentence, "The teacher am  
in sight."  
LeRoy: The teacher am a sight

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Bisig: This makes the fifth time I have  
punished you this week. What have you to say?  
Bill M: I'm glad it's Friday, sir.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stanley: I got my mustache on the installment  
plan.  
Pinky: Installment plan?  
Stanley: Yes, a little down each week.

\*\*\*\*\*

Laugh and the Class laughs with you, but you  
stay after school alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Bisig: Why are you late?  
Tardy: The alarm clock was set for seven, but  
there were eight of us in the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

The boy friend is like a tire--one blow-out and  
he's busted flat.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Brown: Herman what is your car, a five-  
passenger?  
Herman: Yes, but I can get ten in if they are  
well acquainted.



FOR SALE

One Ford Car with single piston ring  
Two rear wheels and one front spring  
Has no fenders, seat made of plank  
Burns lots of gas, awful hard to crank  
Carburetor busted halfway through  
Engine missing, hits on two  
Tires all gone, body made of tin,  
But it's a darned good car for the shape  
it's in.

ALL THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE APPLY TO FRED BREAR.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's easy enough to be pleasant  
In a coupe all warm and jolly  
But the girl worth while  
Is the girl who can smile  
When you're taking her home  
A LA TROLLEY-----

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Prescott: Stanley, please use the  
word gruesome in a sentence.  
Stanley: I quit shaving and grew some  
whiskers.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Brown: (In gym Class) Say you,  
mark time!  
Manuel M: With my feet, sir:  
Mr. Brown: Have you ever seen anything  
mark time with its hands:  
Manuel: Clocks do, sir.

\*\*\*\*\*

Manuel T: So what would you do if your were  
in my shoes?  
Louis Chericoni: Get 'em shined.



Speaker. If I have talked too long it's because  
I have not my watch with me and there's no  
Clock in this hall.  
Voice from audience. There's a calendar behind you.

\*\*\*\*\*

Landlady: Isn't it hard to think this poor lamb was  
cut down in its youth to satisfy our appetites?  
Boarder: Yes, it is tough!

\*\*\*\*\*

Mistress: Mary, when you wait at table tonight  
for my guests, please don't wear any jewelry.  
Maid: I have nothing valuable, Ma'am, but I thank  
you for the warning.

Gypsy Twenty-five cents.  
Dot Correct!

A colored lad was strolling through a cemetery,  
reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came  
to one which read "Not dead, but sleeping." The  
little dark chap remarked, "He sure ain't foolin'  
nobody but hisself!"

\*\*\*\*

Pinky. I have a cold or something in my head.  
Mr. Cooley: A cold, undoubtedly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wilma (after showers): What are you doing with your  
stockings on wrong side out?  
Florence: My feet were hot and I turned the hose on  
them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs: Dear, won't you take me to church today?  
Mr: I took you to church once, and I will spend  
the rest of my life regretting it.



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